"JUMPIN' JACK FLASH"

Written by

David Franzoni

Diana Hammond

Charles Shyer

&

Nancy Meyers

M.J. Milworth

Richard Price

Steven E. deSouza

With Revision #1
December 12, 1985

With Revision #2
December 16, 1985

With Revision #3
December 18, 1985

With Revision #4
December 23, 1985

With Revision #5
December 24, 1985

With Revision #6
December 30, 1985

With Revision #7
January 2, 1986

With Revision #8
January 6, 1986

With Revision #9
January 6, 1986

With Revision #10
January 6, 1986

With Revision #11
January 10, 1986

With Revision #12
January 13, 1986

(INCLUDES RESHOOT SCENE B140 by Christopher Thompson, dated 6/16/86, replacing Scene 140)

December 10, 1985

"JUMPIN' JACK FLASH"

FADE IN

1 FULL SHOT - ROOF - NEW YORK - NIGHT 1

TERRY DOOLITTLE is in a wired pigeon coop...Her hands are tied behind her back. A MAN stands over her.

MAN
Where is Don?

She glares at him.

TERRY
Drop dead.

He slaps her and exits the coop to talk with a hidden cohort. Terry meanwhile rubs her roped wrists against a sharp piece of metal.

ANGLE COOP

Terry's hands are freed and she sneaks for the door. As the door opens, some pigeons escape and the Man sees her. A shot. The pigeons panic and fly frantically against the wire. Terry runs.

ANGLE TERRY

She must jump from one building to another. She hesitates and jumps. She misses and clings to the side of the building. One hand grips a clothes line. Her feet dangle in the air.

ANGLE MAN

He is searching for her in the darkness. He fires.

ANGLE TERRY

She swings out on the clothesline. It breaks and like Tarzan she swings out and into an empty lot. Shots are fired and they ricochet around her.

ANGLE MAN

He runs down an unfolding fire escape.

1 CONTINUED: 1

ANGLE TERRY

Injured, she rises to her feet and hobbles down the deserted, angry streets. Voices are behind her. Just as she is relaxing, the Man appears as if by magic from a doorway. He flicks open a large knife and approaches with a smile on her face. Suddenly, a screaming mechanical noise and a bright red Ferrari Testa Rossa slides to a stop between her and the Man. The door swings open and she hops in. The car leaps away from the killer.

2 INT. FERRARI - NIGHT 2

Terry breathless in the rosy glow. She turns to the handsome, smiling driver.

TERRY
Don.

DON
Terry...champagne?

He hands her a flute of champagne.

2-A INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - MORNING 2-A

A mound on the bed moves as the clock radio goes off. From under the pile of clothing emerges Terry Doolittle, rubbing at her eyes and resentful at being awakened by the music on the radio. Her dream is over. She sits up, her breath making vapor in the air. She moves like a giant balloon figure in the Macy's parade because she is wearing every warm piece of clothing she can put on. As she gets ready for work and does her morning ablutions, she must peel down to different levels. Each level REVEALS a new and colorful covering. She makes instant coffee, brushes her teeth, makes a Pop Tart, and finally dares to shower for twenty-one seconds. All the time she is dancing to the tune on the radio which warms her up and gives a rhythm to her day. She EXITS.

3-4 OUT 3-4

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 5

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER. Terry comes out, still moving to the MUSIC. The SUPER of the building next door recognizes talent when he sees it...imitates her move.

TERRY
Hey, Mr. Finzi...the building going solar or something?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

FINZI
Solar? What's that?

TERRY
I didn't have any heat last night. I put everything I own on the bed and climbed in.

FINZI
Women are cold-natured.

TERRY
Especially when their ass is frozen.

He even laughs.

CREDITS BEGIN. The street bustles with activity. She stops at the flower vendor on her corner and buys a tulip.

CUT TO:

5-A INT. BUS - MORNING 5-A

Terry is getting on the bus. She knows the driver.

TERRY
'Morning Leonard.

He stops her putting the money in.

LEONARD
Hey, Terry. I got tickets for the Knicks?

She shakes her head and walks down the bus.

TERRY
Not tonight Leonard.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BUS - MORNING 6

Terry sits in a window seat on the bus. She tries to read her book from the night before as the bus lurches down the street. She looks up and out the window.

7 HER P.O.V. 7

Bustling morning streets with billboards that promise a life of romance and adventure: CALVIN KLEIN, AIR FRANCE, CHARLIE.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BUS - MORNING 8

Terry looks up as the man next to her gets off and a woman sits down next to her -- a dowdy, plain woman who is lost in the same book of mystery and romance that Terry is reading. Terry looks at her with a sudden ominous fear that she could be this woman in fifteen years.

TERRY

Somehow that's a little depressing.

8-A OUT 8-A

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DOWNTOWN, MANHATTAN - DAY 9

It covers a full city block. Terry stands with the other employees waiting for the Bank to open. The group moves forward as the Security Guard unlocks the door.

10 OUT 10

CUT TO:

11 INT . BANK - DAY 11

Terry crosses through the Main Bank area.

FULL SHOT

Terry hurries.

TERRY
Good morning boredom center of the known universe.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BANK SECURITY AREA - DAY 12

Terry descends the stairs and walks toward a Security Guard's desk. CREDITS AND MUSIC FADE.

LARRY, the pencil-thin Security Guard, sits behind a bank of TV SCREENS that monitor the building's entrances. He uses a joystick control to ZOOM IN one camera on a particular SCREEN. He smiles, watching a pretty woman look around carefully, then adjust her slip.

TERRY
You get any closer, Larry, and you're gonna be a father.

Larry jumps. Terry laughs.

LARRY
(covering)
'Morning Terry.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - DAY 13 *

JAMES PAGE stands at the entrance to the room and greets the arriving employees. When Terry enters however we can SEE that she is probably not thought of as employee of the month. *

TERRY *
Hello Mr. Page.

Nothing. She shrugs and keeps walking. *

TERRY *
Man's got forty people here, I don't understand why he picks on me.

We SEE the back of a computer, it is stark and white. We PAN REVEALING another and another, a row of identical machines until we suddenly PASS one that is decorated. We COME BACK TO it and WIDEN as we SEE Terry sit down. It is her station. She puts flower in vase. *

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

TERRY
'Morning Cynthia.

CYNTHIA SPARKS has the computer next to Terry.

CYNTHIA
Good morning Terry. Did you sleep well last night?

TERRY
Yeah, I slept fine.

CYNTHIA
(big smile)
I didn't.

TERRY
Again?

Cynthia nods.

TERRY
Well, no need to kiss and tell okay.

CYNTHIA
Okay...how about if I leave out the kissing parts.

TERRY
All right, who was it?

CYNTHIA
A very sweet man, named Richard... uhh, something Italian. He actually used to be a Doctor, and still would be if he'd had smarter lawyers.

TERRY
Richard something Italian, huh? What happened to Monday night? I believe that was Nick something Greek.

CYNTHIA
Well a girl's got to be practical. I mean Nick was very nice, but let's face it...he's no ex-Doctor.

TERRY
You're right, they don't grow on trees.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

CYNTHIA
I don't mind if you make fun of me. At least I'm out there testing the waters. Come to Coles with me tonight Terry. Get your feet wet. I don't know what you're waiting for.

TERRY
I don't know either Cynth.

A man, DOUG GRIFFIN approaches.

DOUG
'Morning ladies, ready to saddle up and ride the wild software?

TERRY
'Morning Doug.

DOUG
Hey Cynthia, the guy you were with at Coles last night...

CYNTHIA
Yeah?!

DOUG
I saw him on Sixty Minutes doing this...

He takes off his hat, and covers his face like a camera-shy mafioso.

DOUG
(imitating Richard)
No pictures, no comment...

CYNTHIA
Oh very funny.

Terry and Doug laugh, Doug goes back to his station.

CYNTHIA
Wait a second, Doug?...Did you happen to catch his last name?

ANGLE ON the clocks on the all. The New York one strikes nine, the others the corresponding hours. A buzzer goes off.

ANGLE ON ten people sitting simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3) 13

ANGLE ON all the computer terminals coming to life.

ANGLE ON Terry. She is using the computer and speaking as she makes her entry.

TERRY
Confirm transfer to First National New York, 200,000 francs de Banque du France. Veuillez confirmer s'il vous plait? Merci.

She looks around to see if she's being observed. Then:

TERRY
Bonjour Jean-Claude.

ANGLE ON screen.

SCREEN
BONJOUR TERRY. WHAT'S THE SKINNY?

TERRY
Oh he's learning good.
(types)
HOW DID EVERYTHING WORK OUT WITH PAULETTE?

SCREEN
TRES BIEN TERRY, BOUGHT HER THE LITTLE FIAT, SHE FORGAVE ME. MADE LOVE ALL WEEKEND.

TERRY
GLAD PAULETTE HAPPY, BUT GET LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOUR WIFE TOO. AU REVOIR. END TRANS.

JACKIE, a very pregnant girl, sits next to Terry.

TERRY
Man you're big. What have you been carrying that now...twelve thirteen years?

JACKIE
Feels like it. This chair won't go back any further.

TERRY
Here let me help you.

JACKIE
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4) 13

Terry's monitor goes wacky.

TERRY
There she is again Moscow's answer to Jane Fonda. Third time this week.

A large Russian is doing aerobics. Terry starts messing with some wires.

TERRY
Weird, huh? Soviet TV uses the same satellite as this capitalist pig bank. Lenin would have a stroke. Let's try a shielded I/O port.

JACKIE
Almost.

She gives it a smack, and the correct image comes back.

MAN
Aw, you should have left it. It's almost time for my favorite show, 'Gilligan's Gulag.'

They all laugh. It halts, Page is standing there with his SECRETARY. He is not amused.

TERRY
Hello Mr. Page.

SECRETARY
(embarrassed)
Uhhh...Terry, Mr. Page would like to see you.

TERRY
(confused)
Lisa, he is seeing me, he's right here.

PAGE
I know I'm here. This is called office decorum, something you obviously know nothing about.

He starts across to his office, Terry follows.

TERRY
What'd I do, I did something huh, what'd I do?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (5) 13

PAGE
Do you know why they called me upstairs?

TERRY
My promotion came through? *

He glares, and enters the office.

14 OUT 14

CUT TO:

15 MR. PAGE'S OFFICE 15

They enter the office.

PAGE
These are the printouts of your last weeks transfers.

He slaps a bunch of readouts on the table. Terry stands nervously.

PAGE
Define your job here Miss Doolittle.

TERRY
To transfer, or accept transfer of funds between international banking establishments using the computer so the transferred resources can be called upon immediately.

PAGE
Very good. And how were you taught to end a transmission.

TERRY
I enter the phrase, 'End Trans.'

PAGE
Perfect, and yet listen to the way you closed your transmission to Mr. Dennis Bartlett, Barclays Bank, London England. Dennis, will trade you my Springsteen bootleg for your Mott the Hoople.

TERRY
He loves Springsteen, and right after that I said end trans.

PAGE
And then to Mr. Ito of the Hansu Tokyo Bank. I believe this is a recipe for Yankee pot roast.

TERRY
Hey, a person gets tired of raw fish all the time.

PAGE
And should we talk about the advice you gave to Jean-Claude Miss Doolittle, or should I call you Dr. Ruth?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

TERRY
Mr. Page, I was just trying to be friendly.

PAGE
Computers are not friendly.

TERRY
In case you haven't noticed...I'm not a computer.

PAGE
From nine to six, five days a week you are. You will represent this bank in a professional manner or you will not represent this bank at all.

TERRY
I just thought hey, how about a little humor, a little personal touch, what normal person could possibly object...

PAGE
This normal person. And you're gonna need my recommendation for that promotion you're up for so I suggest that you observe the rules to the letter.

She stares for a long beat.

TERRY
End trans.' Okay?

She gets up to exit.

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE WALL OF CLOCKS - AFTERNOON 16

Here in New York, it is 5:59. With a click, the minute hand jumps to 6:00 P.M. Terry finishes up her work.

TERRY
(types)
TWENTY THOUSAND DEUTCHMARKS TRANSFERRED 5:59 EST.

SCREEN
HI TERRY, FRITZ HERE.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

TERRY
(types)
HI FRITZ, HOW IS MRS...
(takes a beat)
...END TRANS.

The employees all shut off their terminals.

JACKIE
Well that's it.
(pats her terminal and her belly)
Say good-bye to Uncle IBM 6000.

The Operators head for the Lunch Room, carrying gifts, champagne and a going-away cake for Jackie. They AD-LIB "C'mon, the party's going to start, etc." Jackie slowly gets out of her chair.

JACKIE
(to Terry)
Will you tell my replacement I ordered a new chair. It should be in by the end of the month.

TERRY
Right.

JACKIE
Well...I guess I should waddle on over to my party.

TERRY
I'll be waddling over soon.

Terry takes off her glasses, reaches for her purse. Her eyes widen as a message APPEARS ACROSS HER SCREEN.

TERRY'S SCREEN
KNOCK KNOCK.

Cynthia walks by pushing a STROLLER covered in wrapping paper.

CYNTHIA
You think she'll know this is a stroller?

TERRY
Cynthia, look at this.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

Terry puts her glasses back on. Cynthia stops, looks at Terry's Screen.

CYNTHIA
Is it one of your friends.

TERRY
No way, they know I'm down by six.

CYNTHIA
Maybe it's Page testing you. He sent this message from upstairs... now he's lurking behind his monitor screen...just waiting for you to give him a cute answer -- Come on. Let's go.

TERRY
(watching the screen)
I'll be there in a second.
(types)
WHO'S THERE?

SCREEN
JUMPING JACK FLASH.

TERRY
It's not Page. He's more the Montovani type.

CYNTHIA
Come on Terry you don't need more trouble.

TERRY
In a minute.

CYNTHIA
And then we'll go to Coles after?

TERRY
Yeah, yeah. I promise.

Cynthia exits, pushing the wrapped stroller. In the b.g., we SEE the party for Jackie beginning.

ANGLE - TERRY

Curious but wary she starts to cut off her machine, but stops.

ANGLE - SCREEN

She types.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

TERRY
IT'S A GAS GAS GAS.

SCREEN
ARE YOU ALONE.

She looks around.

TERRY
YES.

SCREEN
NEED TO TALK.

TERRY
PERSONAL CHIT CHAT IS PROHIBITED ON INTERNATIONAL BANK TRANSPONDER.

SCREEN
NOT ON IT.

TERRY
(to herself)
Is he on Russian TV? HOW ARE YOU TRANSMITTING?

SCREEN
CLAMSHELL TERMINAL. CAN'T SAY ANYMORE. THIS CHANNEL UNSECURED.

TERRY
SCRAMBLE FOR PRIVACY. GIVE YOUR CODE KEY.

SCREEN
JUMPING JACK FLASH.

TERRY
YOUR CODE KEY. NOT YOUR HANDLE.

SCREEN
SING WITH ME AND FIND THE KEY TOMORROW 7 P.M. I NEED YOU. YANKEE POT ROAST WAS DELICIOUS.

TERRY
What the hell? He's been reading my transmissions.

The screen darkens. She tries to reconnect. Types:

TERRY
HELLO JUMPING JACK FLASH.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

She can hear the party behind her. No answer.

CYNTHIA
(calling)
Hey, Terry, you're missing everything we're opening the presents.

TERRY
I'm coming.

She clicks off the machine and heads to the party.

17-
17-A

OUT 17-
17-A

17-B INT. TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 17-B

Terry has just poured pasta out of a colonder and onto a plate.

MAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Darling, what's keeping you?

TERRY
(over her shoulder)
Just a minute. It's a very complicated recipe.

Using two hands, she dumps a bottle of store bought sauce and a cloud of packaged parmesan cheese over the plate.

MAN'S VOICE
You don't really think I came here for dinner, do you? I came here for you.

Terry bats her eyes, fluffs her hair, breezes out of the kitchen.

THE LIVING ROOM

Where the TV is on and we realize that the Man we've heard is a character in an old Black and White movie on TV. As Terry sits down to eat we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 18

She is trying to finish her novel but can't read anymore. She is thinking about Jack Flash. She jumps out of her chair and goes to the closet.

TERRY
I know it's in here somewhere. Credence Clearwater. Marvin Gaye.
(tapes are flying as she digs in a box of old tapes)
Yeah. 'Sing with me and...find the key.' Oh, here it is.

ANGLE - STEREO UNIT

The cassette Rolling Stones Greatest Hits goes into the unit and play button is pushed.

A PAIR OF ORANGE REEBOKS

Start to groove --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

TERRY'S APARTMENT - WIDER

Holding the wireless remote, she begins to bop and dance around to the BOOMING music of the Stones as the song begins. Still bopping, she maneuvers herself over to a desk, begins to write down the song's lyrics.

TERRY
(singing, confident)
I WAS BORN IN A CROSSFIRE HURRICANE
AND I --
(hesitant)
-- PROWLED IN MY MIND THE...DRY
STING RAY?

Her furrowed brow shows (as we all know) that discerning rock lyrics ain't so easy. She scowls, listens with bored familiarity to the chorus, FAST FORWARDS through that, tries the next set of lyrics.

TERRY
(confident)
-- IT'S A GAS! GAS! GAS...!
I WAS RAISED BY --
(hesitant)
-- TWO LES -- two lesbians?

She rewinds the tape, tries again. Dancing a little.

TERRY
...'A TOOTHLESS BEARDED HAG.'
-- I WAS SCREWED WITH A STRAPLESS
BRA ON MY BACK?

CUT TO:

19 EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 19

We can still HEAR the music from inside. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, DROPS DOWN.

On the street below, a Shadowy Figure sits in a dark sedan. His cigarette glows in the light as he gazes up at Terry's apartment.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BANK - MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - NEXT DAY 20

We see the clocks on the wall, it is 10:00 a.m. Terry is all ready clock watching.

CUT TO:

TRANSFER ROOM - LATER

It is 1:00 p.m. Terry is eating a sandwich with Cynthia and another girl.

WOMAN
I wonder who's gonna replace Jackie?

CYNTHIA
I hope it's somebody attractive and yet in some small way tragically flawed.

TERRY
Is this day dragging on forever or what?

CUT TO:

21 TRANSFER ROOM - LATER 21

The clock reads ten to seven. Terry is alone. A cleaning person is in the back.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - MR. PAGE

Page sees her staying late at her terminal and gives her knowing smile a nod.

ANGLE - TERRY

She pulls a large Sam Goody bag from under her terminal and pulls the sheet music for JUMPIN' JACK FLASH. She begins circling some of the words of the song's lyrics. She is so intent that she doesn't notice Page.

PAGE
Terry Doolittle?

Terry jumps about a foot out of her chair. She looks up at Page.

PAGE
Talking to pals, sex advice, recipes?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED (1) 21

TERRY
No, no, we were a little behind without Jackie. I thought I'd catch up on her British deposits --

She smiles...slides some papers over the sheet music.

PAGE
(tries to see her machine)
Really, color me surprised.

She covers her machine.

TERRY
PLEASE MR. PAGE I WANT THAT PROMOTION!!

She slightly scares him.

PAGE
Okay shhh -- carry on, carry on.

He exits.

TERRY
Yessir.

When she's sure he's gone, she takes out the sheet music again. Terry's now alone except for the Security Guard VISIBLE THROUGH the glass wall.

21-A INT. THE WALL CLOCK 21-A

CLICKS 7:00 P.M.

TERRY

looks at her terminal screen expectantly. Then, on cue, the words KNOCK KNOCK appear. A moment later, a GARBLED CODED MESSAGE APPEARS.

Terry stretches her fingers like a pianist, looks at the sheet music -- types the first circled section: JUMPIN' JACK FLASH.

"IMPROPER CODE KEY" is the response. Undaunted, Terry tries the next circled phrase: "CROSSFIRE"...gets "IMPROPER CODE KEY" again.

QUICK CUTS - TERRY AND SCREEN

as "HURRICANE," "HOWLED," "RAIN," "TOOTHLESS" and "GAS" go down in flames.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MONEY ROOM - NIGHT 22

CLOSE ON SHEET MUSIC

as a line of lyrics is crossed out by a pen. Only one word hasn't bit the dust: "BACK."

WIDER

Terry yawns. The remains of her brown bag dinner are strewn about her. She sweeps this aside with her forearm, knocks them into a nearby trash can. Then she types the last word onto her screen.

SCREEN

It buzzes: IMPROPER CODE KEY

BACK TO SCENE

TERRY
(to herself)
What would he use for a code key? Come on, Doolittle. Think. The man's a Jagger fan, you're a Jagger fan.

A thought strikes her. Confident, she types JAGGER.

IMPROPER CODE KEY appears again.

Terry thinks again. Types ALTAMOUNT...gets IMPROPER CODE KEY.

She grins. And tr es ---

DRUGS. Alas, that ne's wrong too. She smiles again: Tries:

BIANCA. Nothing. MARIANNE and JERRI don't do it either. Desperate, she tries LIPS. Nada.

MONEY ROOM - WIDER

Frustrated, Terry stretches out in her chair, rolls on the casters away from the terminal. She looks at the scrawled sheet music in her hands...annoyed, she crumples it up, tosses it towards the waste can.

TERRY
What's the key...what's the key?

Suddenly the proverbial light bulb goes off. She jumps out of her chair, goes to the trash can, rummages in it. She makes an "ick" face as she gets mayonaise from her sandwich on her hands, but she rescues the sheet music, smoothes it out on her desk.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED (1) 22

TERRY
Damn, but you got some brains, girl.

CLOSE - SHEET MUSIC

as we go CLOSE ON the words: KEY -- B-FLAT.

CLOSE - TERMINAL SCREEN

as Terry types in "B-Flat"

TERRY
(o.s.)
I'm right and you know it.

RESUME - TERRY

staring at the terminal screen, not at all knowing if she's right, waiting with a look mixing doubt, expectation, excitement -- her hand suddenly going to her mouth as --

CLOSE - SCREEN

The scrambled code CLEARS and is replaced by --

SCREEN
KNEW YOU COULD DO IT?

TERRY
All fucking right! DID I PASS A TEST?

SCREEN
YOU'RE SMART. THAT'LL HELP.

TERRY
WHO ARE YOU?

SCREEN
MUST BE BRIEF. RISKY AT MY END. DESTROY ALL PAPER COPIES OF TRANSMISSIONS. DO NOT REVEAL CODE KEY TO ANYONE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Terry is thrown by this.

TERRY
WHY ALL THE MYSTERY? WHO ARE YOU?

SCREEN
WILL EXPLAIN LATER. HAVE FAVOR TO ASK.

TERRY
(to herself)
Here it comes.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED (2) 22

SCREEN
COULD YOU DELIVER MESSAGE TO BRITISH EMBASSY?

TERRY
(to herself)
What?

SCREEN
WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF YOU'D SAY YES.

TERRY
WHAT MESSAGE?

SCREEN
'DOG'S BARKING. CAN'T FLY W/O UMBRELLA.'

TERRY
Are you shitting me? ARE YOU SHITTING ME? WHO ARE YOU?

SCREEN
SOUNDS STRANGE, I KNOW. THEY'LL UNDERSTAND.

TERRY
WHO ARE YOU?

SCREEN
AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. NEED THEIR HELP. ASK FOR DEPARTMENT C.

TERRY
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?

SCREEN
BETTER OFF NOT GOING INTO THAT NOW.

TERRY
WHO ARE YOU? WHY PICK ME TO DELIVER MESSAGE?

SCREEN
READ YOUR TRANSMISSIONS. YOU SEEM BRIGHT, YOU'RE HELPFUL AND I'M DESPERATE.

Terry grins, deliberates on whether or not she should continue this conversation.

TERRY
CAN'T FLY W/O UMBRELLA? ARE YOU MARY POPPINS?

SCREEN
END TRANSMISSION.

Terry thinks.

CUT TO:

33-A EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY 33-A

Terry is very nervous as she ENTERS. She is overwhelmed by the officious atmosphere.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY 34

A ROYAL PORTRAIT - DIANA AND CHARLES

CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE portrait and we SEE:

35 A RICHLY APPOINTED OLD HOUSE IN NEW YORK'S DIPLOMATIC ROW 35

Sitting under the portrait at the reception desk, is a RECEPTIONIST who is a PRINCESS DIANA LOOK-ALIKE.

MANNEQUINS being dressed for a display of "The Royal Wardrobe of Great Britain."

Looking at royal couple photo:

TERRY
What's going on?

RECEPTIONIST
We're getting ready for the Queen's birthday ball next Tuesday night.

The door opens behind the Receptionist and JEREMY TALBOT enters. Talbot is a tall, thin, erect man, carefully dressed. He speaks with a crisp British accent.

TALBOT
Miss Doolittle, good morning. I'm Jeremy Talbot, sorry to have kept you waiting.

TERRY
(spylike)
Dogs barking. Can't fly without umbrella.

TALBOT
Excuse me?

TERRY
Dogs barking...

TALBOT
I heard you but I don't quite follow.

TERRY
Are you from Department 'C'?

35 CONTINUED: 35

TALBOT
No, I'm not.

TERRY
Oh, then is there someone here from Department 'C'? They'd understand.

TALBOT
I'm afraid we don't have a Department 'C,' Miss Doolittle.

TERRY
Oh...really?
(laughs, self-consciously)
I'm sorry. When I told the receptionist I had a message for Department 'C,' she called you so I assumed there was such a thing...

TALBOT
Who was the message from?

TERRY
Jumping Jack Flash.

TALBOT
Well, I know Jumping Jack Flash.

TERRY
Oh, you do. Good.

TALBOT
It's one of my favorite Rolling Stones songs. I am English you know.

A friendly-looking FELLOW carrying an attache case enters a passing Talbot and Terry.

FRIENDLY FELLOW
Jeremy, are we on for squash this afternoon?

TALBOT
Absolutely. Five o'clock.

Talbot waves to the Man, turns back to Terry, adjusting his gold cufflinks.

TALBOT
Sorry I couldn't be more help.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

TERRY
I feel a little stupid right now. Somebody's obviously playing a joke on me. Dogs barking, can't fly without umbrella...It's ridiculous...

She laughs. Talbot laughs along with her.

TERRY
I'm really sorry for the inconvenience, Sir.

TALBOT
Not at all. Good day, Miss Doolittle.

Terry smiles and turns back toward the Receptionist. Something isn't right.

TERRY
Would it be all right with you if I used your phone to call my office?

TALBOT
(politely)
Of course.
(to Receptionist)
Gillian.

Talbot exits. The Receptionist turns her phone around.

TERRY
Thanks.

Terry begins to dial. The opens her desk drawer, takes out an emery board and files a nail.

Terry nonchalantly looks inside the drawer and spots something that stops her cold. An envelope saying Section C.

36-37 OUT 36-37

38 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF EMBASSY - DAY 38

We are LOOKING AT the street THROUGH A HIGH-POWERED CAMERA LENS. A bus pulls up. Terry runs INTO FRAME. We HEAR the CLICK of a SHUTTER and for an instant, the SCREEN is BLACK. The SHUTTER continues CLICKING as Terry boards the bus.

38-A INT. TRANSFER ROOM - NEXT DAY 38-A

It is just after lunch. The seat next to Terry is still empty.

(CONTINUED)

38-A CONTINUED: 38-A

CYNTHIA
Smell me.

TERRY
Pardon me.

CYNTHIA
Go ahead smell me.

TERRY
Do I have to.

CYNTHIA
I'm wearing Joy. It's very expensive. I met this guy, and he distributes all their seconds and irregulars.

TERRY
Perfume irregulars?

CYNTHIA
Yeah, like if the sprayer is clogged or the liquid is milky.

TERRY
Or it smells like old cheese.

CYNTHIA
My point is he has a friend and they would like to take us to dinner this evening.

TERRY
Well thanks Cynth, but actually, I'm sorta involved with somebody right now.

CYNTHIA
Well let's hear, spill your guts girl.

TERRY
Well, so far I know he's a Stones fan and a practical joker.

They are interrupted by Page, who is with a young man.

PAGE
People, I'd like to introduce Martin Phillips.

(CONTINUED)

38-A CONTINUED: (2) 38-A

CAMERA EASES BACK TO INCLUDE MARTY PHILLIPS, mid-thirties, wearing a tweed sport coat and slacks. The wall clocks show us that it is a few minutes before 9:00 A.M.

MARTY
(correcting, sotto)
Marty...

PAGE
(rolling on)
-- Who will be replacing Jackie on terminal number twenty-three.

Marty looks around for terminal number 23. Terry points to it. Marty smiles at her.

PAGE
Martin comes to us from our Silver Springs office. Welcome to the main branch, Martin.

Marty extends his hand to Page but Page has already turned and started for his office. A few of the Computer Operators giggle. Marty smiles, shrugs and crosses to Jackie's old terminal.

MARTY
He seems like a pretty loose guy.

TERRY
Yeah, the man's a born vice principal.

MARTY
(extending his hand)
Marty Phillips. My card...call me anytime.

TERRY
(shaking his hand)
Terry Doolittle.

Marty sits down. The chair back flops down and Marty loses his balance, falling to the floor.

Despite herself, she laughs.

MARTY
Is this the initiation?

TERRY
God, I'm sorry about that. It's adjusted for a pregnant woman.

(CONTINUED)

38-A CONTINUED: (3) 38-A

MARTY
I guess I should thank her for the job.

Cynthia has been shuffling around a lot. She is being ignored and it is driving her nuts. She clears her throat very loudly.

TERRY
Oh I'm sorry, Cynthia Sparks, this is Marty.

MARTY
Hi, my card, anything you ever need, pick up the phone.

CYNTHIA
Well yes I may do that. I'd like to say it's a pleasure to have you in our little family.

He pulls out a photo with wife and kids.

CYNTHIA
Oh...oh dear, you already have a little family...
(still smiling)
...well...shit. Welcome anyway.

She exits dropping the card. Terry looks at the picture.

TERRY
Pretty girls.

MARTY
Yes, it's too bad they're boys. I keep telling my wife to cut their hair.

TERRY
Maybe you can just get 'em tattoos.

They laugh, he gets out a thermos.

MARTY
Would you like some tea...It's called Chinese Gunpowder. It's actually my only vice.

TERRY
Really, so the two kids are adopted?

(CONTINUED)

38-A CONTINUED: (4) 38-A

She laughs, he blushes.

TERRY
Look, you're blushing, that's so sweet.

Her monitor begins picking up Soviet TV.

MARTY
What's that?

TERRY
Russian interference.

FRED *
Soviet TV uses the same satellite as this capitalist pig bank.

MARTY
You ought to get that looked at. Delicate technology like this needs the attention of highly skilled professionals.

Terry banks it and it clears up.

TERRY
What'd you say?

MARTY
He sits at his console and we:

CUT TO:

38-B EXT. BANK - 7:30 - NIGHT 38-B

TERRY
(voice over)
Come on, where is he? He's a bullshitter that's where he is.

SCREER
TERRY?

TERRY
JACK? OKAY PAL, IS THIS A JOKE?

SCREEN
WHAT DID EMBASSY SAY.

TERRY
EMBASSY SAYS NO DEPT. 'C.'

39 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - THAT NIGHT 39

SCREEN
WHO DID YOU TALK TO?

TERRY
JEREMY TALBOT. SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW YOU. HAD FEELING HE DID.

SCREEN
SMART FELLOW.

TERRY
SEEMED TO BE.

SCREEN
NOT TALBOT. YOU.

Terry stops at this.

SCREEN
SITUATION CONFUSING.

TERRY
You're telling me. WHAT EXACTLY IS SITUATION?

A long pause, then:

SCREEN
TRAPPED IN EASTERN EUROPE. NEED EXIT.

TERRY
WHO ARE YOU, JACK?

SCREEN
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

TERRY
(to herself)
Jesus!
(typing)
WHY DIDN'T YOU CONTACT EMBASSY YOURSELF?

SCREEN
DID. WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE ME.

TERRY
WHY?

SCREEN
EXCELLENT QUESTION.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

A pause.

TERRY
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

A long pause.

SCREEN
NEED OTHER CONTACTS.

TERRY
WHO?

SCREEN
FIRST GO TO MY APARTMENT IN NEW YORK AND GET SOMETHING FOR ME.

TERRY
(nervous, jokes)
What?...spy camera...change of underwear...secret decoder...
(types)
WHAT?

SCREEN
A FRYING PAN.

She blinks.

ANGLE - TERRY

She is scribbling down some further information from the screen. She is in a hurry as she flicks off her monitor. We SENSE she is being watched as the CAMERA MOVES FORWARD. She sighs.

MAN
(o.s.)
Miss Doolittle...

She jumps three feet.

INT. MONEY TRANSFER - NEW ANGLE TERRY AND MAN

A large MAN with an open face, wearing coveralls and carrying a toolbox stands over her.

TERRY
Don't sneak up on people, man.

MAN
(smiles)
Sorry, I'm your IBC Rep. Need to check your terminal.

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

TERRY
Why so late?

MAN
We're running late.
(laughs)
I need a little overtime action.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

TERRY
Well, I haven't had any problems with the terminal. None.

MAN
(setting down tools)
Well we had a report of some trouble on your unit. I'm here to check it out.

TERRY
What kind of trouble?

MAN
Lady, if I knew I wouldn't be here. It could be a short or something.

He turns her computer on and she turns it back off. Their eyes lock.

TERRY
I don't want you touching my machine.

He blushes with irritation.

MAN
(getting hot)
Look lady...it took me two hours to get here from Queens in all that traffic tonight and I got a work order so I don't want to have to go out and push through that crap again and get my ass chewed out. I got my job to do, understand?

She backs up. He pushes closer, his hand on a screwdriver.

TERRY
(suspicious)
It's a personal thing, man. This machine is part of my family.

MAN
(meaner)
Lady...you were leaving, weren't you? So why don't you just go ahead and leave?

He glares at her. She sees Larry and this gives her confidence. He steps forward.

TERRY
You don't mind...if I call IBC and check it out?

39 CONTINUED: (4) 39

MAN
Call whoever you want. It's your damn dime.

He grunts, starts to unscrew a side panel. Terry looks on the Wall Directory where the phone number of IBC is listed. She dials, turning her back to the Man.

TERRY
(into phone)
Hi, it's Terry from First National. Is this Greg? There's a man who says he's one of your reps...okay hold on...
(turns)
...Could I have your --

The Man is gone. Terry looks around, puzzled.

TERRY
(phone)
It's okay.

She hangs up and gathers her stuff and hurries from the room.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 40

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS turns the corner and drives slowly down the street. The headlights PASS CAMERA, REVEALING a taxi which pulls to a stop in front of a charming old apartment building. Terry steps out of the cab.

TERRY
(to Driver)
I'll just be a couple of minutes.

DRIVER
Si. Bueno.

Terry runs through the rain, jumping over puddles. She takes a match from her pocket and approaches the front entrance. She finds a drain. Some headlights cause her to jump. She searches for the key and finds it.

CUT TO:

41 INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT 41

Terry climbs the old marble stairs and inserts the key into the large front door of an upstairs apartment.

CUT TO:

42 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 42

Terry enters the dark hallway, switching on a light. She peers around. Jack's place is decorated with sophisticated taste on a limited budget. A few good pieces of furniture. A piano. A racing bike leans against a wall. Lots of books and records. Terry walks to the bookcase and studies the books and albums on the shelves. She spots the answering machine, she's tempted, she acts. The machine clicks on.

JACK'S VOICE
(answering machine)
Hi, this is Jack. Sorry to have missed you but leave your name and number and I'll ring you back as soon as possible.

She likes the voice, the clipped accent.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(angry, with a French accent)
It's Felice. Where were you last night, you shit!? We made a date for the ballet six weeks ago. I know you're busy, but come on, enough is enough!

She hangs up with a bang. Terry remembers her business and crosses to the kitchen alcove. She begins rummaging around in the cookware, finally finds it.

A frying pan.

TERRY
(shrugs)
Why not?

It's also very dirty. Another Woman's Voice comes from the ANSWERING MACHINE. She is tempted to look around. She checks the refrigerator. A fifth of vodka and two Ban Ales.

SHEILA
(English)
Hello, this is Sylvia, your mother... a voice you faintly remember. It's been eight weeks since anyone has heard from you. We didn't mind you moving to New York or your decision not to study medicine. But we'd love to know what you are doing for a living. Your father thinks you're involved in some kind of drug traffic. Regardless, we love you. Nana died.

Answering machine messages continue over:

42 CONTINUED: 42

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simple and tasteful. She finds some cologne on a chest of drawers. She puts some on her hand and sniffs it. She likes it.

WOMAN #2
Hi Jack. It's Suzanne. I have tickets for Isaac Stern at the Kennedy Center tonight if you're available. Miss you. Call me.

Click.

TERRY
What do you do with this guy, take a number?

WOMAN #1
It's Felice again, you bastard. I thought you'd like to know: He's not your child!

She takes a glimpse at some cute underwear feels perverse and EXITS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry turns to leave. On her way to the door, she notices a PHOTOGRAPH in a silver frame, which seems to have the place of honor on the piano. She picks it up.

43 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH 43

of a WOMAN standing on a ridge, looking out over a panoramic view of the dessert. Her face is in profile. She's beautiful.

Terry turns the photograph over. There is an inscription on the back: "Sarah. '82. Sinai." We HEAR a hang up on the recorder.

CUT TO:

44 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 44

BACK TO SCENE

Terry is about to replace the photograph when she hears a sound. She whirls around. Did it come from inside? Unnerved, her eyes sweep the room.

CUT TO:

45 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

HER P.O.V.

CAMERA PANS the empty room. Nothing. Not a sound. An almost eerie silence.

46 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 46

Terry sets the photograph down and hurriedly shuts off the lights moving into the hallway. It isn't until she reaches the front door that she sees what is pinned to it.

CUT TO:

47 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

ON THE DOOR

An innocent enough looking POLAROID-TYPE PHOTOGRAPH except that it is of Terry and it was obviously taken no longer than sixty seconds ago.

It shows her standing in the Living Room, looking at the photograph of Sarah.

CUT TO:

48 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 48

Terry paralyzed with fear, grabs the polaroid and tries to open the front door but it is jammed. Panicked, she turns the lock, locking herself in.

TERRY
Oh, Jesus...

Finally, she manages to get the door open and runs out.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

Terry races towards the taxi, throws the door open and jumps inside.

TERRY
(breathless, to Driver)
Hurry, let's go!

The taxi pulls away. Terry turns to look at Jack's apartment.

She doesn't see anyone. She leans back in the seat and is about to sigh with relief when she sees something in the REARVIEW MIRROR that horrifies her.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TAXI - HER P.O.V. - NIGHT 50

The Taxi Driver is staring at her. He is no longer the Puerto Rican Man. Instead, she finds herself staring at the mean face of the IBC man (ZAIKOV).

The doors automatically lock.

Terry is frozen for an instant.

ZAIKOV smiles and flashes a silencer revolver.

ZAIKOV
Just sit back...relax. The meter's off.

Suddenly, she screams and crowns him with the frying pan. We hear the loud clank of the metal on his skull. As he slumps down, the taxi goes out of control. Then car smashes to a stop.

51 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 51

Terry hits the pavement on a dead run, trips and shrieks as she rolls to a stop. She races across the street and takes off down the alley.

52-54 OUT 52-54

CUT TO:

55 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 55

THE PAN

As Terry cleans it with a soapy sponge in her KITCHEN. The following names and numbers appear one by one:

HARRY CARLSON	277-2317
ARCHER LINCOLN	289-5430
PETER CAEN	555-3172
MARK VAN METER	675-4997

CUT TO:

56 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 56

Terry still agitated moves from window to window closing the shades. Then she sits by the phone and stares at the frying pan. She dials the first number, realizes she must be crazy and hangs up. She looks at the pan again, and turns on her TV to distract herself. "Late Night With David Letterman" which she switches to an old movie. She keeps glancing at the pan until she decides what to do and takes the pan to the window and tosses it out and into the garbage two floors below. CLANK. A cat screams. Terry closes the window.

57 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NEW ANGLE - NIGHT 57

The suspense movie is too on the nose. She switches back to Letterman talking to a comedian. The laughter counterpoints her tension.

58 ANGLE - CHAIR 58

Terry has left the room. The chair is empty.

59 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 59

Terry is digging through the trash, trying to find the pan.

DERELICT
Looking for something?

Terry gasps, noticing a DERELICT leaning against a shopping cart filled with junk.

TERRY
(catching her breath)
Actually I was looking for my frying pan. I dropped it out the window by mistake.

DERELICT
(holding pan)
You mean this one?

TERRY
Yeah, that's it. Can I have it?

DERELICT
Sure, for five bucks. It almost killed me.

TERRY
Oh, c'mon, give me a break. What are you going to do with it, saute a sneaker?

The Derelict steps forward. He's huge.

TERRY
I was only kidding.

She laughs weakly, looks in her pocket.

TERRY
Do you have change for a ten -- ?

He snatches it...hands her a nickel in return.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

TERRY
(forcing a smile)
Perfect. Thanks.

CUT TO:

60 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 60

Terry finishes dialing a number.

TERRY
(into phone)
Hello, is Harry Carlson there?
(new patient tone)
Oh, your daddy isn't home? Well, is your mommy there? Well, when they get back would you tell them Terry Doolittle called...yes, just like Dr. Doolittle. Tell them I have a message from Jumping Jack Flash. No I don't have a pony. Can you write down this number?

The child hangs up.

She hangs up, runs her finger along the frying pan to "ARCHER LINCOLN." Dials.

RECORDED MESSAGE
The number you have reached is no longer in service. Please check...

Terry hangs up and dials the next number. She hears:

ANSWERING SERVICE
Three-one-seven-two.

TERRY
Is Peter Caen there?

ANSWERING SERVICE
This is his service, may I take a message?

TERRY
Yes, would you ask him to call Terry Doolittle? Tell him I have a message from Jack Flash. My number during the day is 555-7532.

ANSWERING SERVICE.
Thank you.

Terry hangs up and dials the last number. A MAN answers after one ring. He speaks with a Dutch accent.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

TERRY
Mr. Van Meter?

MAN'S VOICE
Yes...?

TERRY
My name is Terry Doolittle. I have a message from Jack Flash.

VAN METER
I can meet you in twenty minutes.

TERRY
Do you think it would be possible for us to meet in the morning? It's late and...

VAN METER
-- I'm leaving for Brussels on a three A.M. flight. I think we should meet tonight.

TERRY
(sighing)
Where?
(listening)
You're kidding.

61 EXT. DOCKS - REALLY MUCH TOO LATE 61

TERRY
(to herself)
Brilliant, Terry. The docks, one-thirty in the morning. Why don't I just tape hundred dollar bills to my ass and scream 'Victim here, victim here.'

She actually has said this too loudly and smacks herself.

TERRY
Shut up, stupid.

VOICE
(o.s.)
A wise idea.

TERRY
Yeah, I know.
(there wasn't anybody there, who the hell was she talking to?)
Bummer.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

She takes off as fast as she can, she gets three steps and someone steps out of the shadows. She tries to get away and HE holds her. He puts a gun in her neck, and frisks her.

VAN METER
I apologize Miss Doolittle... procedure you, of course understand.

TERRY
Man, I hope to God you're this Van guy.

They step into the light. He is satisfied she is no danger. He is friendly.

VAN METER
Indeed I am Mr. Van Meter. Thank you for meeting me here. But you know the business...

TERRY
Jesus, you scared the...hey, do the world a favor, Van, and get an office, okay? Buy a lamp or something?

VAN METER
Let's walk. First of all, who do you work for?

TERRY
First National Bank.

VAN METER
Not your cover. I mean your boss.

TERRY
Oh A guy named James Page, uptight, anal, wears suits from Sears...

VAN METER
Then Page is Jack's contact?

TERRY
No, he's just a jerk at the bank where I work. I'm in the financial department, computer stuff.

Van Meter stops.

VAN METER
You're a civilian?! You don't know anything, do you?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

TERRY
I don't know diddley, Van. All I know is a dude somehow taps into my computer, says he's Jumpin' Jack Flash, and he sends me to get a frying pan so I can call Van Morrison.

VAN METER
He gave you a message.

TERRY
Yeah, and I gave it to Talbot at the British Embassy and he acted like I was retarded.

VAN METER
What was the message.

TERRY
Well, it's weird. It said, 'Dog's Barking, Can't Fly Without Umbrella.' Pretty funny, huh?

VAN METER
(he is like a stone)
I pray to God they haven't blown his guts across Eastern Europe.

TERRY
Of course I didn't mean ha ha funny.

VAN METER
Terry, thank you. You've been very helpful. But I think it's time you kicked the ball to me.

TERRY
Van, I'll kick the son of a bitch to Pluto if you want.

VAN METER
Why'd you go this far, Terry?

TERRY
I don't know, I guess I feel sorry for him, all trapped and alone, I'm all he's got.

They approach a pier over some water. Van Meter notices something that Terry is unaware of. He tenses slightly but doesn't want to alarm her. He holds her arm in what she considers a gentlemanly act.

61 CONTINUED: (3) 61

A shadowy figure, HUNTER, steps from the shadows and begins to follow.

Van Meter quickens his pace. Terry tries to keep up.

TERRY
I haven't even told you what happened earlier with this guy who was driving my taxi...
(running faster now)
...What's happening right now, Mr. Van Meter? In a hurry to catch your plane? Mr. Van Meter -- What the hell is happening right now!!!

Suddenly Van Meter lifts her in one powerful thrust and throws her yelping into the water. We HEAR the splash. Van Meter then whirls, swinging his leg in a vicious karate move.

We HEAR GUNSHOTS, and...

62 ANGLE - WATER - UNDER THE BRIDGE 62

Terry is hiding under the bridge, watching as Van Meter's body hits the water with a huge splash.

TERRY
Mr. Van Meter? Where are you?
Mr. Van Meter? Are you all right?
Mr. Van Meter...?

Van Meter's body rises to the surface, face up. His eyes are wide open but he is very dead. He bumps into Terry as he passes her.

TERRY
Holy shit!

She swims frantically to shore.

62-A OUT 62-A

63 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 63

Terry sits at a Police Officer's desk. She is still wet, holding a police blanket around her trembling shoulders. She is trying to drink some soup.

The Cop, an I've-seen-it-all veteran, would like to get rid of her and her incredible story. Marty rushes in. He is amazed.

TERRY
I told you already.

63 CONTINUED:

MARTY
What are you doing here? What happened? You're all wet.

TERRY
I didn't want them to call anybody, but they dug your little card out of my pocket.

OFFICER
You know her?

MARTY
I work with her.

OFFICER
She nuts?

MARTY
No. I know she makes an eccentric fashion statement, but...

COP
We found her soaking wet...screaming ...waving down cars near Battery Park.

MARTY
What happened?

COP
She fell in the river.

TERRY
(getting angry)
I told you I was thrown.

COP
By your pimp or your john.

TERRY
Oh yeah, big business for a hooker on the pier. You asshole.

MARTY
Who threw you into the water?

TERRY
(shivering)
I went to the docks to meet this guy, Van Meter. His name was on the frying pan that Jack Flash told me to pick up. He was a secret agent or something. All of a sudden he throws me in the water. Saved my life. Then somebody pumped two shots in him.

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

COP
(looking at Marty)
Is she on any kind of medication?

MARTY
Not that I know of.

TERRY
(angry)
Hey, you can talk directly to me, asshole. I'm tired of being fucked around.

COP
Watch the mouth.

TERRY
This is bullshit. A man got shot and dumped in the river!

MARTY
(whispers to her)
Time to go home.

COP
(exasperated)
We sent a car out there lady. They didn't see nothing.

TERRY
So drag the Goddamn river! A murder has been committed! Don't you care! Fucking killers are running all over the city.

COP
Hey how would you like your mouth washed out with a wire brush.

TERRY
Yeah how 'bout I kick your balls so hard they jam up your nostrils.

Marty trying to get her out.

MARTY
Oh, my that's vivid huh. Guys look. Here's my card, I'll be responsible for her I promise.

COP
Get her a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3) 63

TERRY
There's nothing fucking wrong with me you stupid motherfucker.

Marty embarrassed. The Cop is about to arrest her.

MARTY
(confidential)
It's Tourette Syndrome...an illness. People can't stop cursing but they're not even aware of it. She's got it bad, this is sweet talk for her. *

He steers her out. *

64 OUT 64

64-A INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 64-A

Terry, wrapped in an old robe, puts a new chain lock on the door. Finishing this up, she pushes her couch against the door and then puts a chair on the couch. She is frightened now but feeling slightly safer.

65 INT. BANK - MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - DAY 5

Marty with Terry as she searches the newspaper. He offers more of his tea.

MARTY
God, you're morbid.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

TERRY
(still searching paper)
It's got to be here. How can a man get brutally murdered and it's not in the paper? It wasn't in Saturday's, it wasn't in Sunday's. It's not in today's. Not even in the Post.

MARTY
You should just forget it.

TERRY
(sneezes)
You're right. I'm done with this crap. D-O-N-E. Done.

Beat as she pushes aside newspaper.

MARTY
Did you check the obituaries?
(looks to paper)
What was his name again?
Van Meter?

Marty turns to the obituaries.

TERRY
(excited)
I knew it. That's got to be him.
(to Page)
Death in the family. See you later.

66 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 66

The cemetery hosts a small group of Van Meter's friends for the graveside service. LIZ CARLSON, an attractive woman in her thirties, looks up as Terry walks in. Terry is totally out of place among the black-clad mourners.

REVEREND
Mark Van Meter was a great success in the greeting card business, but he was a greater success as a human being...

ANGLE - TERRY

She recognizes Talbot and gives him a little wave before walking up to him. Liz is over his shoulder.

REVEREND
His tragic death from a heart attack should remind us all of how precious life is.

66 CONTINUED: 66

TERRY
(shocked)
Heart attack!!!?

Heads turn; she then whispers:

TERRY
Yeah, his heart was attacked by two bullets.

TALBOT
(turning)
Miss Doolittle, hello.

REVEREND
Let us pray.

TERRY
(whispers)
Small world.

TALBOT
Indeed.
(pause)
You were a friend of Mr. Van Meter?

TERRY
He saved my life.

REVEREND
(prayerfully)
Oh, God, who called us from death to life -- we give ourselves to you; we thank you for your saving love in Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

The service ends. Talbot vanishes before Terry can react. Liz steps close.

LIZ
Miss Doolittle, excuse me. I'm Liz Carlson. You called my husband Harry.

TERRY
Oh, yeah...HARRY CARLSON, from the frying pan.

LIZ
(concerned)
You said you had a message from Jack, but my husband is with Jack.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

Pause as this registers on Terry's face.

TERRY
We should talk.

LIZ
You're C.I.A.?

Terry almost gasps again.

TERRY
No. No. I'm CRT. I work a CRT terminal at the bank. Mrs. Carlson I'm just an ordinary person, and I'm beginning to believe that I am mixed up in something that I should get out of post haste.

LIZ
Maybe I can help you.

TERRY
Well, Van Meter tried to help me... and look where he's at.

At this moment, a large Black man ARCHER LINCOLN, in a wheelchair, is pushed past by his assistant.

ARCHER
(looking up)
Hello, Miss Doolittle.

Terry is totally surprised.

TERRY
How does he know me?
(beat)
Do you know him?

LIZ
(nods)
That's Archer Lincoln.

TERRY
(totally confused)
This is a convention. He was on the frying pan too.

She runs after him.

ANGLE - STREET

Archer Lincoln has been lifted into a large station wagon. The wheelchair is collapsed and loaded. As Terry arrives, his door is closing in her face.

66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

TERRY
Hey, Mr. Lincoln...it's me. Terry Doolittle. Hey, I called you. Jack Flash. Open up, Mister. What kind of game are you playing? You just say 'hello.' There's problems with this circus.

She can barely see his sardonic smile in the tinted glass. The car begins to roll.

TERRY
Hey dickhead!
(pause realizing she is being watched)
Okay. How about lunch...Tuesday? Fine with me.

The car leaps away almost knocking her to the pavement as she waves.

TERRY
Hey! Next time I see you I'll kick out your spokes you son of a bitch!

She turns to see Liz waiting and the others staring.

67-78 OUT 67-78

79 INT. LIZ CARLSON'S KITCHEN - DAY 79

Liz is taking some wash from the dryer while Terry sips some coffee. Two children, KRISTI who is five and HARRY, JR. who is three and a half, are busy making cakes.

LIZ
Someone is obviously trying to scare you into giving them Jack's code key.

TERRY
Well, they're doing a pretty good job. But who are they?

LIZ
(matter of fact)
K.G.B. probably.

KRISTI
(o.s.)
That's mine!

LIZ
Just a minute!

79 CONTINUED: 79

TERRY
(mouths)
K.G.B.!?

Liz goes to the kids in the kitchen.

HARRY, JR.
That's mine.

KRISTI
No, it's not.

LIZ
Kristi, will you put the icing on the cake and not on your brother?
(cleaning Harry)
Where were we?

Terry enters kitchen.

TERRY
The K.G.B.

LIZ
Shhh...not in front of the kids. You guys calm down, okay.

KRISTI
Can I write K.G.B. on my cake?

LIZ
No!

EXIT to living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry and Liz walk to the living room. Terry is still shaken.

TERRY
Well, at least the K.G.B. wants me alive...if they want me to talk.

LIZ
Yeah, but if they know about you, you can be sure that the C.I.A. and M.I. 5...

A puzzled look from Terry.

LIZ
...British Intelligence...they know about you too and they do NOT want you to talk.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

TERRY
But they wouldn't do anything drastic...like kill me...would they?

LIZ
It depends.

TERRY
I'm getting nauseous. Maybe I should go to the police...or the FBI...

LIZ
It's beyond that now.
(hears a crash from the kitchen)
Clean that up Kristi. Want some more coffee?

TERRY
No. I'm jumpy enough.

LIZ
I could make some decaf.

Terry sees a framed photo on an end table.

TERRY
Is this Harry?

INSERT - PHOTO

A smiling Harry Carlson.

LIZ
(voice over)
Yeah...

ANGLE - TERRY AND LIZ

TERRY
He's good looking.
(beat)
Do you know Jack?

LIZ
I sure do. Harry and he have worked together a lot...lately.

TERRY
Do you like him?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3) 79

LIZ
Yeah. He's a good guy.

TERRY
Is he married?

LIZ
Jack? No. He's a lady's man.

TERRY
Really?

LIZ
Why are you so interested?

TERRY
I want to see if he's worth saving.

LIZ
Definitely.

Liz's facade starts to crack.

LIZ
Terry, when they go out on one of these missions, they are not supposed to contact anybody. That's procedure. So, if Jack's communicating with you, it's because something has happened. If you talk to Jack again... which I hope you do...could you ask him about Harry?

Before Terry can respond, the children burst from the kitchen covered with icing holding their abstract cakes.

LIZ
Could you?

Terry can't resist this tableau.

TERRY
Sure.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 80

Street lights come on. HEAR Jack's voice.

SCREEN
VAN METER?

80 CONTINUED: 80

TERRY
CANCELLED.

SCREEN
PETER CAEN?

TERRY
UNAVAILABLE.

SCREEN
ARCHER LINCOLN?

TERRY
UNCOOPERATIVE.

SCREEN
HARRY CARLSON?

TERRY
HIS WIFE SAYS HE IS WITH YOU.

SCREEN
WAS. LOST CONTACT. THOUGHT HE WAS HOMESICK.

TERRY
HE NEVER MADE IT.

CUT TO:

81 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - NIGHT 81

A pause.

Terry over her terminal. She does Jack's voice as he types her response.

SCREEN
HAVE ANOTHER FAVOR TO ASK.

TERRY
CANCEL DATE WITH FELICE? ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF.

SCREEN
NO, THIS IS SAFER THAN A NIGHT WITH FELICE BUT NEVER MIND...TOO DANGEROUS.

TERRY
HEY, I LIVE IN NEW YORK. SO IS THE SUBWAY. LET ME HEAR IT.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

SCREEN
WOULD YOU GO BACK TO THE EMBASSY?

TERRY
Again. WHY?

SCREEN
I NEED A MIRACLE.

TERRY
WHAT KIND OF MIRACLE?

SCREEN
AN EXIT CONTACT.

TERRY
(hesitates, then)
WHO WOULD I TALK TO THIS TIME?

SCREEN
THEIR COMPUTER. IT HAS EXIT CONTACTS. WE'LL BOTH TALK TO IT.

TERRY
HOW?

A LINE DRAWING of the Embassy's second floor appears on Terry's screen.

SCREEN
TAKE TIMER. SET FOR -- 7 P.M.
WE'LL WORK IT THRU YOUR EQUIPMENT.
CAN YOU HANDLE IT.

TERRY
I CAN TRY. TONIGHT'S QUEEN'S B'DAY BALL AT EMBASSY. THINK I CAN CRASH.

SCREEN
COULD TRY. DO YOU HAVE DINNER JACKET?

TERRY
Do I have a dinner jacket? He thinks I'm a man...
(types)
WILL HAVE TO WEAR EVENING DRESS.

SCREEN
AFFIRMATIVE. BRITISH FUSSY.

TERRY
MEANT GOWN. TERRY SHORT FOR CATHERINE.

A long beat.

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

SCREEN
HAD NO IDEA. WILL TRY ALTERNATE CONTACTS. COULD NOT ASK YOU TO CONTINUE.

TERRY
WHY? BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN?

SCREEN
CORRECT. THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP. YOU...

Terry switches off her machine with the same anger one would hang up on a boyfriend.

TERRY
Thanks for all your help? I was almost killed, buddy.

She grabs her coat, starts out, stops, sits back down and immediately turns on her machine. A message is on the Screen.

SCREEN
TERRY? TERRY?

She doesn't answer.

SCREEN
I KNOW YOU'RE THERE.

TERRY
(finally typing)
DO YOU WANT HELP OR NOT BECAUSE I HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO BESIDE SAVE CHAUVINIST BUTTS.

A transmission from Jack BLOCKS HER WORDS ON THE SCREEN. The words JAM INTO EACH OTHER.

TERRY
LET ME FINISH! IF LIZ IS RIGHT NOBODY'S GOING TO HELP YOU -- NOBODY EXCEPT ME. YOU SHOULDN'T LOOK GIFT CIVILIAN IN THE MOUTH -- OR AT OTHER END EITHER.

SCREEN
I'M SORRY.

TERRY
OKAY.

SCREEN
I MEAN IT.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3) 81

TERRY
FORGET IT. BUT REMEMBER OUR
DATE: 7 P.M. TOMORROW.

82 EXT. BRITISH CONSULATE - NIGHT 82

Terry lurking as limousines begin to arrive for the party. She she is scared but committed as she waits for her opportunity. A limo stops and a uniformed valet opens the door, letting a group of dignitaries out. The valet is about to close his doors when Terry comes out, as if part of the same party. She glares at him and heads up the red carpet to the bright doors of the building. She is wearing a glistening blue sequined dress with a long tulle train.

CUT TO:

84-A CONTINUED:

TERRY
Excuse me, Lady Sarah...

SARAH
Yes?

TERRY
Haven't we met before?

SARAH
I think I'd remember you...if we had.

TERRY
I had a gig in the Sinai...and my Land Rover blew a water hose...That was a sandy place, wasn't it?

SARAH
(surprised)
Sinai?. Yes, as a matter of fact, I was there a few years ago.

TERRY
Well, you haven't aged a day. You look wonderful. Nice seeing you again.

Terry takes leave of the confused woman and Liz is also confused.

TERRY
(confidential)
I saw her picture in Jack's apartment.

LIZ
Yeah, they were an item a few years aog...before she decided to become a Lady. I don't think she could take the insecurity of life with Jack. Right now...I understand her.

Terry knows she has to move.

TERRY
Anyway, I got to get upstairs.

Terry starts.

LIZ
Good luck.

Talbot approaches Liz. Terry goes and bumps into Talbot.

(CONTINUED)

84-A CONTINUED: (2) 84-A

ANGLE - TALBOT

She tries to walk by him.

TALBOT
Well, well...Miss Doolittle. What an anglophile you turned out to be ...and turning up at all the auspicious occasions.

(CONTINUED)

83 INT. CONSULATE - NIGHT 83

A few dignitaries are lined up in the vestibule, handing their invitations to a WOMAN SECURITY PERSON. We SEE some of the dummies costumed in royal garb. Terry approaches.

WOMAN
Your invitation please?

TERRY
You're kidding right? Delilah Jackson. I'm the entertainment.

She begins to check her list, Terry snaps her fingers, flamboyantly tosses her coat over one of the mannikins, and counts: "A one, two, a one-two-three-four." She flips on a portable CD. And begins a snappy lip sync of Diana Ross, doing "Can't Hurry Love." She begins to play directly to the Security Person, she embarrassingly pushes her way past her into the room. She continues to bop into the throng. They are silent and rather agape at this performance. She stops. They stare. She looks at them a little petulantly and in a slightly scolding and coaxing manner, starts an applause for herself. The group follows, she takes the mild kudos and proceeds, running smack into Liz Carlson.

84 ANGLE - LIZ 84

Liz at first doesn't recognize her under the wig.

LIZ
Terry, is that you?

TERRY
Oh, Liz. Glad to see you.

LIZ
What are you doing here?

TERRY
Be my date, I'm about to put my ass on the line in a borrowed dress.

They begin to walk towards the ballroom, arm in arm.

LIZ
Did you hear anything about Harry?

TERRY
Jack doesn't know what happened.

LIZ
They were separated?

(CONTINUED)

83 INT. CONSULATE - NIGHT 83

A few dignitaries are lined up in the vestibule, handing their invitations to a WOMAN SECURITY PERSON. We SEE some of the dummies costumed in royal garb. Terry approaches.

WOMAN
Your invitation please?

TERRY
You're kidding right? Delilah Jackson. I'm the entertainment.

She begins to check her list, Terry snaps her fingers, flamboyantly tosses her coat over one of the mannikins, and counts: "A one, two, a one-two-three-four." She flips on a portable CD. And begins a snappy lip sync of Diana Ross, doing "Can't Hurry Love." She begins to play directly to the Security Person, she embarrassingly pushes her way past her into the room. She continues to bop into the throng. They are silent and rather agape at this performance. She stops. They stare. She looks at them a little petulantly and in a slightly scolding and coaxing manner, starts an applause for herself. The group follows, she takes the mild kudos and proceeds, running smack into Liz Carlson.

84 ANGLE - LIZ 84

Liz at first doesn't recognize her under the wig.

LIZ
Terry, is that you?

TERRY
Oh, Liz. Glad to see you.

LIZ
What are you doing here?

TERRY
Be my date, I'm about to put my ass on the line in a borrowed dress.

They begin to walk towards the ballroom, arm in arm.

LIZ
Did you hear anything about Harry?

TERRY
Jack doesn't know what happened.

LIZ
They were separated?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

TERRY
(nods)
I'm sorry. Look, I need to get to the third floor.

LIZ
What can I do?

TERRY
Well, I'm glad you asked that. I may have to leave here in a hurry, and I may not want to be noticed.

84-A INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 84-A

This is the heart of the party. Couples are dancing while Terry suddenly finds herself in a receiving line. Liz turns to CONSUL GENERAL MALCOLM BILLINGS, a handsome man in his late fifties. His beautiful young wife, SARAH, stands next to him.

LIZ
Lord Malcolm...

MALCOLM
(delighted)
Elizabeth...

He looks expectantly to the glittering Terry.

LIZ
May I present my...my...

TERRY
Cousin. Delilah Jackson. It's a supreme pleasure, your Honorable Graciousness.

LIZ
(on his look)
We're related by marriage.

TERRY
And adoption.

LIZ
(to Sarah)
Lady Sarah.

Terry moves forward. Sarah smiles.

SARAH
How do you do?

(CONTINUED)

84-A CONTINUED:

TERRY
Hello Mr. Talbot. You certainly have great balls.

TALBOT
Well let's honor her Majesty with a dance...

TERRY
(nervous)
I was going...

He takes her arm.

84-B INT. BALLROOM 84-B

His grip is tight as he swirls her to the dance floor and they begin to waltz. She can hardly breathe when Talbot receives a tap on the shoulder.

LIZ
May I cut in?

Liz takes her place dancing with Talbot.

TERRY
(to Liz)
Thank you.

84-C- OUT 84-C-
84-D 84-D

85 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - CONSULATE - NIGHT 85

Terry tiptoes along the corridor, occasionally steal.ng a glance over her shoulder. She approaches a set of DOUBLE DOORS, pushes one open, sees it's clear and slips through.

86 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOUBLE DOORS 86

Terry hurries down a corridor past two closed doors. The third door is marked: COMPUTER ARCHIVES. The door is slightly ajar, light spills out from inside and we HEAR the SOUND of a TV. Terry quickly moves past, then steps back and peers into:

87 THE ANTEROOM - OUTSIDE COMPUTER ARCHIVES ROOM 87

Two men, sitting at separate computer monitors are watching "The Benny Hill Show" and cracking up. Routine transmission scroll down their screens. The gates are armed and locked.

88 TERRY 88

can't believe it. How will she get past them and into the Archives Room? She spots a window at the end of the corridor and pries it open.

89 EXT. BRITISH CONSULATE - SECOND FLOOR LEDGE 89

With trepidation, Terry pulls up her dress and steps onto the ledge edging her way toward the Archives Room window.

HER P.O.V.

It's a long drop down.

90 INT. ANTEROOM - SAME TIME 90

The men are still engrossed and don't notice Terry moving along the ledge outside their window.

91 EXT. LEDGE 91

Terry reaches the Archives Room window, looks inside and sees a mother of a computer. She tries to open the window but it's stuck. She yanks at it. It won't budge. She yanks again. Her heel slips off the ledge, she loses her balance and starts to fall, grabbing onto the window for her dear life.

DOWN SHOT

A vertigo-inspiring view of the street three stories below.

BACK TO SCENE

The force of Terry's weight swings the window open. She struggles to hike herself back onto the ledge and finally manages to climb onto:

92 THE COMPUTER ARCHIVES ROOM 92

Terry catches her breath, then rushes to the Computer, searching for the master control box. She spots it, under the machine. She slips under.

She opens her purse and takes out the TIMER. She moves toward the Computer and the Timer accidentally slips through her fingers. fingers. She catches it an instant before it CRASHES to the floor.

93 INT. ANTEROOM - SAME TIME 93

The Men are still glued to the TV. A new transmission APPEARS on one of the Screens. A buzzer announces this.

94 THE COMPUTER ARCHIVES ROOM 94

The Man enters, walks to the Computer and switches it on.

He begins punching buttons in a seemingly endless sequence.

95 ANGLE - UNDER THE COMPUTER 95

Terry lies frozen, making herself as small as possible. She tries not to breathe. We HEAR the machine pause.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

MAN
(o.s.)
Come on, man, don't tell me this bloody thing isn't working.

96 TERRY'S P.O.V. - THE MAN'S FEET 96

COMING TOWARD HER. The man kneels.

97 TERRY 97

closes her eyes in fear. The machine kicks in. She sighs with relief.

98 BACK TO SCENE 98

The Man takes the data from the printer, reads it, then filters it into the funny-looking machine near Terry's costume. The data paper slides INTO the machine and comes out the other side -- SHREDDED.

The Man turns to exit as the machine catches Terry's dress train into its teeth and pulls it into the SHREDDER.

99 TERRY 99

lies helplessly, watching her costume being shredded to bits. She is being pulled slowly into the shredder herself.

TERRY
(mouths)
Oh my God!

100 FULL SHOT 100

The Man EXITS. She takes a breath, adjust some wires and connects the timer to the Computer. We HEAR a final CLICK. The timer is attached. She jerks herself from the shredder losing much of her dress. She heads towards the window.

101 FULL SHOT - CORRIDOR 101

Terry comes out the door. Two people come down hallway. She goes into Tina Turner.

102 OUT 102

103 ANGLE - STAIRWAY 103

Terry is at the top of the steps. She freezes, waiting for her at the bottom is Hunter and Talbot. She catches Liz's eye, and gives a signal, a little salute. Liz runs to the bandleader who is about to start a new tune and speaks to him. Suddenly the band begins to play, "God Bless the Queen." Everyone turns

103 CONTINUED: 103

and faces the flag, frozen, as Terry snakes down the stairs, grabs her coat and exits.

103-A-106 OUT 103-A-106

107 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 107

Terry wearily approaches the door and starts to put in the key but the door creaks open. The locks have all been broken.

TERRY
Oh, shit...

108 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 108

Terry steps in and sees that her place has been totally trashed. Every drawer and cupboard has been opened and dumped. Even the refrigerator is open.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

TERRY
There goes the Haagen Daaz.

Terry goes to the window and opens it, she pulls the cord on the pulley-type clothesline that old New York apartments have. Into the room comes miscellaneous laundry of hers that she tears off and throws to the floor. She gets to a pillow case (or a charactor piece of clothing) takes it off the line, turns it upside down, and the frying pan falls out. She hears a noise in the hallway. She tenses. She kicks the frying pan under some of the debris. She picks up the tennis racket. As the door opens and the person enters, she swings at them. The intruders hand catches the shaft of the racket with perfect kung-fu master timing. We HOLD ON the hand, holding the racket, we SEE Terry's face, awaiting the worst, now that her feeble effort at self defense has failed. OVER her face, resigned to her horrible fate we hear:

MARTY
(voice over)
Oh Fudge. I think you've broken every bone in my hand.

CUT TO MASTER TO REVEAL THE SCENE: Marty at the door, now kissing his hand and doing a little "I'm in pain" dance.

TERRY
Marty? Damn, my heart just jumped out of my chest and went to Europe. What the hell are you doing scaring the shit out of me?

She is smacking him like a naughty chi d.

MARTY
Ow, cut it out, stop. I called at eleven, I called at twelve, I called at one...I had to check up on you. The policeman did make me promise I'd be responsible for you. And I think if you make a promise to a policeman, you should endeavor...

Terry is looking at him like he is from outer space.

TERRY
Marty, Marty what are you...Dondi? Mellow out okay. I'm fine.

MARTY
I'm not, I probably need X-rays... Am I just square, or is something wrong with your dress?

108 CONTINUED: (2) 108

Terry notices that he is noticing her torn dress.

TERRY
I got moths.

He is now noticing the trashed apartment.

TERRY
Huge mutant junkie moths.

He surveys the room.

MARTY
My God Terry, dead guys, cops, you're place trashed. What have you gotten involved in? What are you doing?

TERRY
I don't know, I'm kinda wingin' it.

MARTY
You know, to get any more casual, you'd have to be in a coma.

TERRY
Marty, you're a good guy, kind of a cub scout, but good. Well I'm trying to help another good guy, but it's my game. I've got to play it alone okay?

MARTY
You're not so tough you know...

She flips the tennis racket.

MARTY
Okay, you're fairly tough. You want some help cleaning up East Beirut?

TERRY
Nah, I think I'll just have an insurance fire...collect twelve dollars...Go home to your kids Marty.

MARTY
...One more question, Terry. This fella you're risking your butt for... How do you know he's one of the good guys?

She smiles and closes the door. The smile fades as she leans up against the door.

108 CONTINUED: (3) 108

TERRY
He's got to be.

CUT TO:

109 INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER 109

Terry has been cleaning for awhile and has made a slight dent in the mess. She turns the sofa back right side up, begins to pick up the big cushions...suddenly stops. She's seen:

CLOSE - A LEATHER BUTTON

110 OUT 110

111 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - MORNING 111

CAMERA TRACKS Terry, rushing through the room on her way to her terminal. She checks the clock. It's 11:50 A.M.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (3) 108

TERRY
He's got to be.

CUT TO:

109 INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER 109

Terry has been cleaning for awhile and has made a slight dent in the mess. She turns the sofa back right side up, begins to pick up the big cushions...suddenly stops. She's seen:

CLOSE - A LEATHER BUTTON

110 OUT 110

111 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - NEXT MORNING 111

Terry enters transfer room. Page from his office catches her coming in.

PAGE
I see you. I see you slithering in late again.

TERRY
I wasn't slithering in Mr. Page. My house was broken into last night.

PAGE
The First National Bank of New York is not interested in monitoring your personal problems Miss Doolittle. Now return to your terminal immediately and get to work.

She goes to her desk.

CUT TO:

111-A INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - CLOSING TIME 111-A

People are getting ready to go home.

CYNTHIA
Terry, may I ask you a personal question?

TERRY
I doubt if you can be stopped.

(CONTINUED)

111-A CONTINUED: 111-A

CYNTHIA
If I made a play for Marty, would I be jumping your claim.

TERRY
The dude is married, but do what you want.

(CONTINUED)

111-A CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA
I know you think I'm shallow as spit. But I just want to be with somebody. Every man comes with problems.

TERRY
(thinks)
This is true. This is real damned true.

Cynthia exits and Marty approaches Terry.

MARTY
You okay? Should I drive you home?

TERRY
No I gotta stay and catch up on some work. I wanted to apologize for last night. I'm sorry I yelled at you.

MARTY
That's okay.

They smile, suddenly her smile fades.

HER P.O.V. - MARTY'S JACKET

The same one he was wearing at her apartment. One of the buttons, that matches the one she found is missing.

TERRY
Uhhh, good night.

MARTY
Hey, should I stick around and keep you compa...

TERRY
(colder)
No good night.

Marty nods, puzzled and shyly backs away and we:

112 122 OUT 112-122

CUT TO:

123 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - NIGHT 123

Terry sits hunched over her desk. She is half asleep. Clock * reads 6:59.

Suddenly, Terry's Computer comes to life, startling her.

SCREEN
TERRY...TERRY... CATHERINE. *

TERRY
(kidding) *
Don't call me that.

SCREEN
DID YOU MAKE IT, Terry. *

TERRY *
YES.

SCREEN *
YOU'RE WONDERFUL

TERRY
I KNOW IT. ONE MINUTE BEFORE *
EMBASSY COMPUTER TURNS ON. EVER
HEAR OF MARTIN PHILLIPS?

SCREEN
NO.

TERRY
MARTY PHILLIPS?

SCREEN
DEFINITE NO. ONLY PHILLIPS I KNOW
IS A SCREWDRIVER.

Terry crosses her fingers. Checks the clock. It's 7:00. *

TERRY
TIME TO GET YOUR TICKET HOME.

SCREEN
I"M PACKED.

124 INT. BRITISH COMPUTER ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 124

The TIMER clicks on and the huge Computer comes alive.

125 MONEY TRANSFER ROOM 125

TERRY
HERE WE GO.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

A beat, then on her Screen, the following appears:

TERRY'S SCREEN
REQUEST ANGLO AMERICAN OPERATIVES
-- FILE #1-1141-71280

126 EMBASSY COMPUTER ROOM 126

The Embassy Computer reads the request and types out the following:

EMBASSY COMPUTER
STOP. FILE ENTRANCE CIPHER REQUIRED.

127 MONEY TRANSFER ROOM 127

On Terry's Screen:

TERRY'S SCREEN
STOP. FILE ENTRANCE CIPHER REQUIRED

Screen goes BLANK. Terry waits, watches. Then:

TERRY'S SCREEN
NJ-12849

Terry smiles, relieved.

128 EMBASSY COMPUTER ROOM 128

From the Embassy Computer:

EMBASSY COMPUTER
STATE REQUEST.

129 MONEY TRANSFER ROOM 129

Terry watches her Screen, mesmerized.

TERRY'S SCREEN
EXIT PROCEDURES - EASTERN ZONE #49.

Terry waits, on the edge of her seat.

130 EMBASSY COMPUTER ROOM 130

The Computer reads the request and the answer begins to appear:

EMBASSY COMPUTER
EXIT CONTACT:

Suddenly, a HAND reaches in and turns OFF the power switch. CAMERA ANGLES BACK TO REVEAL:

131 JEREMY TALBOT 131

Talbot moves from the machine.

CUT BACK TO:

132 MONEY TRANSFER ROOM 132

TERRY'S SCREEN
EXIT CONTACT:

HANG SUSPENDED for an instant, then Terry's Computer Screen wipes CLEAR.

Terry can't believe it. She pushes a button to disconnect from the Embassy Computer.

SCREEN
WHAT HAPPENED?

TERRY
THEY CAUGHT US.

Terry punches her Computer.

TERRY
NOW WHAT?

SCREEN
IT'S OVER. IMPOSSIBLE TO EXIT W/O FRIENDS. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BUT WE'RE NO LONGER SAFE...NEITHER OF US.

TERRY
(typing)
IT'S NOT OVER UNTIL THE FAT LADY SINGS.

SCREEN
I THINK I HEAR THE MUSIC.

TERRY
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. TALK TO ME TOMORROW SAME TIME...JACK?
(speaking)
Jack -- are you there?
(typing)
JACK CONFIRM. CONFIRM, DAMN IT!

A long silent moment, then:

SCREEN
CONFIRM THAT YOU ARE CRAZY AND CONFIRM 7PM TOMORROW. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

Terry smiles wearily, leans back in her chair...exhausted, thinking...

TERRY
Sweet dreams.

133 OUT 133

134 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 134

A cab pulls up. Terry gets out.

TERRY
Wait here.

Terry walks toward Liz Carlson's house. The place is dark, only one light is on, somewhere in the back. Terry rushes up to the front door and rings the bell. The wind rustles the trees. Terry turns, watching the leaves drop through the night. Her eyes go to a kite stuck between the branches of the largest tree. She tries the doorbell again. Still no answer. She reaches for the doorknob, it turns in her hand, the door opens.

TERRY
Liz?

135 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT 135

Terry takes two steps inside. Her voice echoes.

TERRY
Anybody home?

She turns on the hall light. Her eyes dart from one side of the room to the other. The house is completely empty. Stripped bare. Startled, Terry moves from one room to the next hoping someone is there. But, they're gone. In the empty kitchen, she finds a small piece of paper on the floor. She bends down, lifts it up.

136 INSERT - PAPER 136

On it is written: apples, bananas, peanut butter, paper towels, saran wrap, baggies.

137 TERRY 137

drops the list.

138 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 138

Terry runs away from the house. She catches her breath and dashes into the street, looks shocked at --

THE CURB

The cab is gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Frightened, she turns.

Suddenly HEADLIGHTS blink on down the block. Spooked, she turns to run...COLLIDES with a large MAN.

138 CONTINUED: 138

TERRY
(putting her hand in pocket)
I have mace.

He smiles, shows her the 9mm automatic in his shoulder holster, takes her firmly but gently by the arm, leads her towards the car.

MAN
Mr. Lincoln would like to talk to you.

Curious now, she stops resisting. They go to the car. Man opens the backdoor and we SEE Archer Lincoln inside. His face is illuminated as he lights a cigarette.

TERRY
What do you want?

ARCHER
I thought we'd go for a little ride.

TERRY
Uh...I think I've seen this movie. In fact, this is where I came in --

She tries to back away, but the big Man is behind her.

ARCHER
I only want to talk. Don't be frightened.
(indicating the seat)
Please.

Obviously, she hasn't much choice.

139 INT. CAR TRAVELING - NIGHT 139

Terry gets in cautiously.

TERRY
What happened to Liz Carlson?

ARCHER
The Company moved her to a new town, gave her a new name, a new life.

TERRY
And a new husband?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

ARCHER
It's for her own protection.

TERRY
What about Jack...you just gonna blow him off?

ARCHER
He knows the risks.

TERRY
The Company sure has a great retirement program.

Archer looks at her carefully.

ARCHER
Miss Doolittle, you want to learn about the espionage game? I'll give you a quick lesson. Do you know what a pawn is?

TERRY
(faking)
A shrimp.

ARCHER
That's a prawn.

TERRY
Really?! It's the smallest piece in a chess set. The ones in the front row.

ARCHER
The smallest and the most expendable. The ones you sacrifice.
(drags on cigarette)
Jack's been my friend for over twenty years. I've called in every marker I've got to help him. But, the bottom line is that it may cost too much to rescue him. And, if that's the case, well...then the people running this show take a cold hard look at the chessboard. They don't care what happens to you or me or Jack. The game's too big.

TERRY
That's it?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2) 139

ARCHER
(nods, but his tone is menacing)
And Jack knew it could come to this, going in. So let me give you a little advice...amateur night is over...get off the stage before you get carried off.

The car stops. The other man opens the door for Terry.

TERRY
Well, thanks for the lift...and the advice.
(taking a step, turning)
Excuse me, but you're the good guy, right?

No response.

TERRY
Huh. Guess you forgot, too.

139-A INT. TRANSFER ROOM - DAY 139-A

Terry is working at her terminal.

MARTY
Hi Ter. Whatcha workin' on?

TERRY
Real esoteric stuff, Bank of Tibet. The Dali Lama wants to buy a Dairy Queen in New Brunswick. I can't talk now Marty.

MARTY
Oh, sorry.

Her P.O.V. She is listing bad guys and good guys. Under bad guys she lists, TALBOT, IBC MAN, BALD GUY IN TAXI...Under good guys she lists, ME, VAN METER, JACK...JACK????????? She types MARTY. She moves him into bad file. She types SARAH. She looks at the name.

TERRY
That's all I got left.

She shuts down the computer and grabs her coat. She doesn't even notice Page.

(CONTINUED)

139-A CONTINUED: 139-A

PAGE
Miss Doolittle, I want you to know that I'm not a monster. I thought if I explained to you the responsibilities of authority you might better understand my actions pertaining to the...

She goes to the phone.

PAGE
What are you doing?

TERRY
I've got to use the phone.

Page blusters.

PAGE
You can use the phone on your lunch hour.

She storms back to her desk.

140 OUT OUT 140

CUT TO:

B140 **EXT. STREET** B140

Terry is rushing through the noon crowd on the sidewalk in front of Cole's Bar. She passes a tow truck backing up to a stalled car. PANNING FROM the other side of the street we FOLLOW Terry as she makes her way to a phone booth near the corner. In the f.g. is a large black limo. Two men get out, their backs toward the CAMERA and look toward the phone booth. A short man in a dark suit, carrying an umbrella is about to enter the phone booth when Terry pushes him aside, steps into the booth and closes the door. The man protests, tapping his umbrella on the glass. Terry picks up the phone, begins to dial, and opens the door slightly.

TERRY
Take it easy shorty, I'm about to reach out and touch someone.
(closes the door; ~~British~~ accent)
I'd like to speak to Lady Sarah please...who am I? I'm Cybil Faulty. Social secretary for Lady, uhh...
(sees a lady walking dog)
...Lady Andthetramp. Yes, that's right. Lady Andthetramp, the Dutch dog fancier...

The little man has become more agitated in the b.g. He finally pushes the door open against Terry. Terry turns around.

TERRY
(breaking accent)
Will you beat it. Do you want me to open that umbrella inside your nose.

Terry is trying to close the door but the man is resisting. Terry grabs his umbrella and pushes him away.

TERRY
Give me that.

She jams the umbrella across the phone booth to hold the door closed. The short man walks off in a huff.

The two men at the limo begin to cross the street.

TERRY
(in British accent)
No, no not you. So then she'll be at Elizabeth Arden all day? Well, what about this evening?... Oh, I see...

B140 **CONTINUED:** B140

The tow truck driver walks forward from the back of his truck and opens the door of the cab. A pair of black boots step up behind him. The driver suddenly slumps down onto the seat.

PHONE BOOTH

TERRY
Well, then you've been very helpful.

There is a small bump on the phone booth, and Terry is jostled a bit. Without turning around she raises a finger over her shoulder...

TERRY
Just a sec...
(back on phone)
...Well, thanks anyway, you've been just super. Yeah cheerio, God save the queen, and have a nice day.

She hangs up, the phone rings immediately, she picks it up. We faintly hear the Operator's voice.

OPERATOR
Please deposit 25 cents for the additional two minutes.

TERRY
Yeah, sure, the check is in the mail.

She hangs up laughing, she turns to push the door open. Vito is right there, his face against the glass, the tow hook in his hand. The truck is backed right against the door.

TERRY
Okay, okay I'll get your damn quarter. Who knew there was a phone Gestapo. What would you do if I didn't have one?

She starts digging in her pocket. Vito steps onto the back of the truck, takes the hook and smashes it into the roof of the phone booth. Glass shatters on Terry. She's not laughing now. He hooks it across the top metal bar and jumps off the truck.

TERRY
Oh shit, you people are serious! That's it, I'm getting Sprint. Somebody call the cops!

(CONTINUED)

B140 **CONTINUED:** (2) B140

TERRY (Cont.)
(as she dials)
911! 911, hello police, now listen very carefully, I'm at 34th...

The truck takes off, the booth tips over and is then torn from the ground. The truck races away dragging the booth and Terry along.

TIGHT ON TERRY IN BOOTH

The street races past her head outside the booth.

TERRY
No, make that 35th...

The truck and booth speed down the street. A car narrowly avoids hitting it. We SEE Terry scream.

TERRY
Oh, God please don't let me die on 42nd Street.

The truck turns into an alley but the phone booth doesn't. It comes loose and slides about 20 feet into some trash cans. Terry emerges, holding the receiver and dangling wire.

TERRY
I'll have to get back to you.

Vito stops the truck halfway down the alley.

EXT. STREET

A cop car pulls up and blocks the alley. She runs up to it.

TERRY
Hey all right, you guys found me.

The car window is up and we barely SEE in the car. She pounds on the window and pulls at the door.

TERRY
Come on, come on, open up. Put down those doughnuts, get your shotgun. Do the Schwartzenegger thing. C'mon boys make my fucking day.

The window rolls down, and we REVEAL, a stitched and bandaged, Jim Belushi.

JIM
I owe you don't I?

(CONTINUED)

B140 **CONTINUED:** (3) B140

She screams, he clamps down on her hand, he pulls her half way into the car through the window. He rolls up her sleeve and injects her with a hypodermic.

TERRY
Owww. I'm gonna die. Am I gonna die?

JIM
Not yet. Not 'til you tell us a few things. Don't fight the serum. Just tell me the truth.

TERRY
Truth serum? What kind of hokey shit is this...

JIM
You want to tell the truth don't you Terry?

TERRY
I don't want to tell you nothing scum bag...Hey, my ears are ringing.

JIM
Only the truth Terry...

TERRY
I'm telling you the truth. I don't know anything...I don't know anything about...Jumping Jack Flash.

Terry starts to go under. She speaks in a new tone of voice as she rubs her face.

TERRY
Hey, man is my face running?

JIM
Where is he?

TERRY
The truth, the truth its... Think of other truths...I'm not a Cosby fan.

A young man in a business suit passes behind the police on the sidewalk. Terry looks up and shouts.

TERRY
Hey, nice ass.

(CONTINUED)

B140 **CONTINUED:** (4) B140

JIM
Okay Terry, give me the code key. Tell me Jack's code key. The key...

TERRY
The key, the key, the key is the key.

JIM
What the hell does that mean?

TERRY
You know, the key. The truth, I voted for Nixon...Twice. In school I never washed my gym clothes.

JIM
Damn it, gave her too much.

He opens his door, holding onto Terry through the window. He grabs her and throws her across the seat to the passenger side of the car.

TERRY
I lost my virginity in the backseat of a Pontiac Bonneville to the quarterback of the football team. Actually he was on the second string and held for points after.

Jim yells to Vito.

JIM
She's useless. I'll meet you back at the basement.

Vito nods and gets in the tow truck and starts off. Terry looks at the dash and sees a switch for the siren. She reaches over and turns it on. Jim is startled and reaches through the window to turn it off. Terry grabs his arm and rolls up the window trapping his arm.

JIM
Owww!

TERRY
You aren't taking nobody to no basement, scareface.

He struggles to pull his arm loose. The car is still idling. We SEE the shift lever in Park. Terry releases the emergency brake and shifts the lever to Drive. The car starts to move. She jumps out the passenger door.

(CONTINUED)

B140 **CONTINUED:** B140

We SEE the car moving down the street. Jim is running along the side, his arm trapped. It is heading toward a busy intersection against a red light. He begins through the light. Terry runs up the street on the sidewalk.

We hear a huge crash. Terry smiles.

TERRY
The truth? The truth is the schmuck deserved it.

Terry continues running up the street. She passes a young couple wearing tennis clothes.

TERRY
You two are so beautiful, and rich, and educated, and perfect, that I'm overwhelmed with hatred. I'm sorry...

Terry passes a YOUNG MAN with scraggly long hair.

YOUNG MAN
Do you have any change?

TERRY
Oh, I got quarters, dimes, nickels, lots of it.

She keeps walking and passes a woman with large breasts. She bumps into her.

TERRY
Those are not your tits.

Terry walks on and sees a punk with colored, spiked hair.

TERRY
You look like a tropical fish.

She sees a Dry Cleaning/One Hour Martinizing van.

TERRY
Does anybody know what Martinizing means?

She runs across the street and hails a cab. As the cab pulls over, Terry looks up and sees a poster of Sylvester Stallone as Cobra. She stops for a beat, shakes her head and laughs.

She hops in the cab and we hear as it pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

B140 **CONTINUED:** B140

TERRY
I once shaved my grandma's cat.
True story.

The cab drives off.

CUT TO:

140-A EXT. BEAUTY SALON BUILDING - DAY 140-A

Terry enters.

141 INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON - A SHORT TIME LATER 141

Terry enters, she has a wild look in her eye. She is now full-tilt boogie under the influence of serum. She is now completely incapable of telling a lie. As a matter of fact, she is beyond that, she is now also compelled to confess to sexual daliances, anti-social behavior, and petty crimes that may have happened years ago. There is no longer a war between the drug and her better judgment...the drug has won. She is an open book.

She breezes past the doorman, and stops to address the general assembly.

TERRY
Okay, listen up. I lost my virginity in a town named Secaucus -- in a Pontiac Bonneville -- at a movie called 'PSSTTT' -- to a guy named...named...Well, I got the important parts. Bad flick, though.
(shrugs and turns to lady staring at her)
One Labor Day I collected fifty-seven dollars for Jerry's kids. I kept half...bought Stevie Wonder records...
(rationalizes)
...But, hey, he's blind, it's a good cause...No, it was rotten...Of course, they did send me a thank you note.
(to another woman)
I've never had a multiple orgasm have you?

CONTINUED

Woman reacts. Terry finally makes it over to the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

TERRY
You know, I was high for the entire tenth grade.

RECEPTIONIST
Madam, I regret to say, I am not surprised. Perhaps the fog will lift. I remind you, this is a beauty salon.

TERRY
(looking around)
Hey, yeah, what is this about? Look at us...rush in here to spend what little bread we can earn in this male dominated world, so we can mold, power and wax ourselves into their image of beauty...Yeah and why? On the off chance they'll find us attractive, take us home, and engage us in frenzied animalistic sex acts...
(she stares at the receptionist)
...I guess I'll take the works.

CUT TO:

LARGE BLINKING EYEBALL

Tweezers come INTO THE SHOT and pluck the eyebrow. We PULL BACK and SEE that we are SHOOTING THROUGH a magnifying light. Terry is in the salon, indeed getting the works. There is a woman giving her a manicure, one doing a pedicure. She has those little separators on her toes. A guy is tying little ribbons in her hair. More to the point, all the other customers and staff are gathered around her. It seems she has been holding court for a while. Like E.F. Hutton, when you uncontrollably speak the truth...people listen.

TERRY
Okay, okay, so it's August 12th, 1981, I call in to work and I lie, I say my Great Aunt died; actually I'm in Atlantic City and I'm shacked up with a conga player.

(CONTINUED)

141 Cont.1

PEDICURIST
In high school, I told this guy my best friend had the clap so he'd take me to the prom instead of her.

TERRY
You know what I did to my best friend...I didn't vote for her to be Class President...She was my only friend and I was afraid she'd drop me if she won. She did anyway...

HAIRDRESSER
In high school I never once washed my gym clothes.

They look at him.

HAIRDRESSER
I never wore them.

TERRY
(blurts out)
I once picked up a guy, took him home and told him he could take my body and do anything he wanted to it.

HAIRDRESSER
That's nothing, I have business cards that say that.

MANICURIST
I picked up three Japanese tourists at Lincoln Center.

HAIRDRESSER
Hildy -- you're a slut...Welcome to the club.

TERRY
I stole over 130 bottles of nail polish from Woolworth's...and some of those big feather earrings -- I looked so good with those feathers all up my ears.

HAIRDRESSER
Oh, I love those.

TERRY
Stealing from Woolworth was the low point. I went to Welfare and told them I was pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

MANICURIST
You have children?

TERRY
No. I borrowed a pregnant friend's urine.

HAIRDRESSER
You know what I think would be a great idea...a celebrity sperm bank.

MANICURIST
I once cornered Burt Convey in a book store. I've had a crush on him for the longest...

HAIRDRESSER
(distaste)
Oh, God. He's a walking tummy tuck, Mr. Plastic.

TERRY
Okay, okay, my turn. I have a crush on someone.

PEDICURIST
Anyone we know?

TERRY
I don't even know him -- I mean I haven't met him, he's a spy.

HAIRDRESSER
Oh, everyone says that nowadays. That's the get laid line of the week.

TERRY
I'm serious. He's a British spy... like double-o-seven and I'm the girl who's gonna save him. Oh, shit... Lady Sarah.

She leaps out of her chair and dashes for the back.

MANICURIST
Hey -- your nails.

HAIRDRESSER
Lucky her, most of my men are just plain zeros.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (3) 141

MANICURIST
(thinking wistfully, to hairdresser)
You know, I think you're on to something with that sperm bank thing. I'd pay $1,000 for a drop of Mel Gibson.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

TERRY
(yelling)
Lady Sarah, Sarah, yo Lady.
(pokes her head into one of the private rooms)
Whoa that's a hairy girl. Honey, forget about the waxing, just to evolve a little more.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM

She enters. Sarah is there getting a facial.

TERRY
Hi Sarah, remember me?...The Embassy. Liz Carlson's cousin.

SARAH
Yes I do. Well...how are you.

Terry sits, takes the ficial mister and gives herself a spritz.

TERRY
W·ll to tell you the truth, which is all I can do today, I'm loney sometimes...bored with my job...sick of this town...confused...frightened, but still kinds jazzed about this spy stuff. Can we be alone.

KAREN
Now? Are you nuts. Her pores are wide open. You could drop BBs in there.

TERRY
Sarah, I'm trying to do something for a friend of yours and I don't think I can do it alone.
(to Karen)
Can you excuse us.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (4) 141

KAREN
No way. Honey this is a scientific treatment, your skin is a minefield right now.
(to Sarah)
Darling please, don't blow your face off.

TERRY
Jack is in real bad trouble.

SARAH
Karen, give us five minutes.

KAREN
Oh sure, fine, go ahead lose tonality. You'll leave here lookin' like a Shar Pai.

She EXITS.

SARAH
Where is he?

TERRY
I don't know, but it's not as much fun as the Epcot Canter. Somebody is after him and he needs an exit contact. Your husband's a big honcho, I thought you and I could ask him for help.

SARAH
Why would I do that?

TERRY
What do you mean why. You guys had a thing once right. Feelings just don't die. You don't abandon people you cared about.

SARAH
You assume a great deal.

TERRY
Hell yes. I assume that since I'm stickin' my neck out for a guy I don't even know, that I could assume a woman who was in love with him might make one lousy phone call to her God damn husband.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (4) 141

SARAH
There's nothing I can do.

TERRY
(soft now)
Oh, please, I'm sorry. I can't stop my mouth today. Sarah, I lost someone once because there was 'nothing I could do.' Not again. If I can do something for Jack I will. If it's a payback, or a guilt trip, I don't care. Help me Sarah.

SARAH
Don't do this to yourself. You're obsessed. Let it go.

Terry is stunned. She just stares, then:

TERRY
(calm)
He's not an It. He's a person.
(yanks over mirror and puts it right in front of her face)
That...is an IT.

She storms out and we:

CUT TO:

142 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - DAY 142

Marty and Cynthia are at their terminals...Marty is pouring a cup of coffee from his thermos when he looks up and sees Terry enter. She is wired and glassy-eyed and angry at Sarah, and in a foul, strange mood.

CYNTHIA
You look awful.

TERRY
At least I don't wear a T-shirt that says 'Hot Box' on it.
(to Marty)
Has Page been looking for me?

MARTY
Every five minutes.

Terry turns on her machine, looks at the keyboard.

143 TERRY'S P.O.V. 143

She has DOUBLE VISION. TWO KEYBOARDS.

BACK TO SCENE

Terry tries to maintain her composure as Page approaches.

TERRY
(to herself)
Shut up. No matter what happens, do not insult the man.
(a little nuts)
My pleasure, babe, come and get it.

PAGE
This chronic tardiness is not acceptable.

TERRY
(not looking up)
Mr. Page. Don't rag on me today. It's bad enough that I'm late without having to listen to your whiny voice. I have just survived several of the worst days of my young life and I'm not in the mood to be publicly chastised.
(grabs his tie)
So if you say one more word I will take that Rocky the Squirrel thing... what? You think nobody knows that's a rug? Come on man it fits like a hat. One more whisper and I'll ram it down your fucking throat!

Terry stops cold. Her face is expressionless. Her eyes roll back and she kneels over, collapsing on her machine. Cynthia SCREAMS.

144 OUT 144

CUT TO:

145 INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - LATER 145

Terry is blitzed out on the couch. The DOCTOR is talking to Cynthia, Marty and Page.

CYNTHIA
(to Page)
I think it looks perfectly natural on you.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

PAGE
The salesman said I could swim in it.

CYNTHIA
Really, couldn't you swim before?

MARTY
Do you mind if we hear about the unconscious person?

DOCTOR
She's going to be okay. Her metabolism is returning to normal. She's been under the influence of some drug. It may be self administered, but I suspect not. From what you tell me it may be something strange, a hypnotic or some kind of truth serum. Very powerful. She must have been hell on wheels.

CYNTHIA
I didn't notice much difference.

DOCTOR
She should be taken home and put to bed.

MARTY
I'll do it.

CYNTHIA
(a tad piqued)
Well isn't that a lovely prescription.

Marty gives her a "what bitch pain" look and we:

CUT TO:

145-A EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 145-A

TERRY
God, what happened to me?

MARTY
I think your old pal at the bar slipped you a mickey.

TERRY
Really? I'm glad you punched him out. God, what was it?

(CONTINUED)

145-A CONTINUED: 145-A

MARTY
I don't know. The Doctor said it was some kind of drug overdose. Probably Amatral or some derivative. It's a kind of 'truth serum.' Helps you recall things and speeds you up.

TERRY
Apparently it's worn off, huh?

(CONTINUED)

145-A CONTINUED: 145-A

Terry enters apartment building.

146 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 146

She has just made an icepack for her aching head. A noise outside the door. She arms herself with the trusty tennis racquet. Slowly she goes to the door and jerks it open. Sarah Billings is REVEALED in a full-length mink coat.

TERRY
(surprised)
Sarah...

SARAH
I'm sorry to bother you but I was afraid to use the phone and this couldn't wait. How are you feeling?

TERRY
I've just got a truth serum hangover.

SARAH
Do you remember what you said to me in the salon?

TERRY
Not one damn word. But I apologize anyway.

SARAH
You were eloquent. So I persuaded my husband to get involved and he in turn spoke to M14 in London.

TERRY
I knew you were cool.

She holds an envelope.

SARAH
(smiles)
There's a name in here...and a rendezvous point. If Jack makes this contact, he'll be home within seventy-two hours.

Terry hugs her.

TERRY
You're a real lady, Sarah.

Sarah stops at the door.

SARAH
He's a real heartbreaker, Terry.

She exits.

147-148 OUT 147-148

149 EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 149

Terry goes up the steps.

150 OUT 150

151 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - NIGHT 151

Terry pulls off her coat and sits at her terminal. She looks up at the clock. It's 7:01. She jabs at the buttons on her keyboard and types.

TERRY
JACK, ARE YOU THERE?

SCREEN
MAY HAVE TO END TRANS W/O NOTICE.
THINGS EXTREMELY HOT HERE.

TERRY
GOOD NEWS. GOT EXIT CONTACT
FRONT YOUR OLD FLAME.

SCREEN
WHO.

TERRY
SINAI SARAH. *

Long pause. *

SCREEN
MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE THIS GAME TO *
THE WOMEN.

TERRY *
MAYBE IF YOU LEFT IT TO WOMEN WE
WOULDN'T HAVE TO PLAY THIS GAME.

Terry takes the paper from the envelope.

INSERT - PAPER

on it is written: Contact - Burghardt. Will meet you at Rezo Inn 4 P.M. tomorrow afternoon.

BACK TO SCENE

Terry types that onto screen.

SCREEN
THANKS. *

TERRY
SMOOTH TALKER. TAKE CARE. KEEP *
TERMINAL OPEN TOMORROW.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

SCREEN
I OWE YOU MY LIFE.

TERRY
SETTLE FOR VEAL DINNER.

SCREEN
YOU'RE ON.

TERRY
ANYTHING ELSE?

SCREEN
SWEET DREAMS.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

152 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - HIGH SHOT - FIVE A.M. - NIGHT 152

The room is still. A pool of light illuminates Terry, fast asleep at her terminal, her head resting on her arms.

153 CLOSER SHOT 153

Terry opens her eyes with a start. She looks around realizing where she is. The words, SWEET DREAMS, still glow on her Screen. Terry smiles, turns off her machine and rises with a yawn.

154 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - 5 A.M. 154

It's damp, and empty. Terry bundles up and continues walking, bitching abou the lack of busses or cabs this time of the morning. Thre youthful street SLIME slowly round the corner and spot her.

SLIME 1
Hey man, check it out.

They are making little kissing noises and in general showing street slime interest in this sitting duck. They are still quite far apart.

TERRY
You dudes are in trouble, I'm gonna kick ass, you're gonna be sorry you met me. You picked the wrong woman to...oh shit.

The youths follow at a leisurely pace, a cool confident menace. Suddenly, ten yards in front of Terry, a limo pulls up and Hunter emerges.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

TERRY
Not my night.
(turns to gang and smiles for all she's worth)
Hey guyyyysss. Que Pasa.
(moving back towards them)
Sorry about the harsh words earlier...I was just a little nervous because uhh...
(motioning towards Hunter)
...my pimp won't give me my money, and he's got such a lot of cash on him.

SLIME 1
Hey Pimp. You got something for Ricky man?

He advances a stop. He makes little kisses at Hunter.

TERRY
Not so big now, huh tough guy?

SLIME 1
I said you got something for me?

Behind her, an underground storage room elevator starts to rise from the sidewalk. Steam comes out as it slowly rises, and begins to REVEAL the psycho Van Meter killer. He is leveling a large weapon at Terry. The guy sees the psycho and takes off.

TERRY
C'mon guys, where you going?

She turns and sees the weapon leveled at her.

TERRY
Oh shit!!!

She runs toward Hunter. A dart slams into her neck, she slows. She collapses into his arms. He puts her in the Limo. It drives down the street to the Psycho. He gets in and we:

155-170 OUT 155-170

CUT TO:

171 INT. EMBASSY BASEMENT - LATER THAT DAY 171

The CAMERA SLOWLY COMES OUT OF A RACK FOCUS. We PICK UP Terry's face. Her eyes are opening. She is not quite aware of her surroundings. PULL BACK A LITTLE and SEE that there are three hands on her face. There is a head lying next to her. She jerks away. From her hazy P.O.V. we SEE over her head, dangling, eight or ten arms and legs. Her P.O.V. again. We SEE her feet amongst a bunch of other feet. A head lands next to her, she screams and sits up. We PULL BACK far enough to SEE she is lying in a sea of body parts. Another hazy P.O.V. She sees five people across the room from her. As she focuses we SEE they are Talbot, Hunter, and Handi-Man, and two of the mannequins from the Costume exhibit. This was the storage area for the exhibit, which is why there are mannequin parts everywhere.

TALBOT
Good afternoon.

TERRY
Afternoon?

TALBOT
Yes, a little after four.

TERRY
(smiling)
You're too late. Jack's getting out. I gave him the exit contact.

TALBOT
Yes, I know.

He smiles back. They all chuckle.

TERRY
What?

TALBOT
Who do you think gave Lord Malcolm the exit contact?

TERRY
Bullshit.

HUNTER
Where did you think he'd come? We're his trusted staff.

TERRY
You bastards.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

TALBOT
Don't underestimate your role. You led us right to him. You sprang the trap.

TERRY
Jack had you didn't he. He must have figured you were working both sides and if he got back you were dead. You're trying to trick me into giving up the contact.

TALBOT
(amused)
Please Miss Doolittle.

HUNTER
In less than an hour he will be dead. Why? Because he will contact... 'Burghardt. At the Rezo Inn. 5:00 P.M.' Ring a bell?

CLOSEUP OF Terry's face. She is completely deadpan.

TERRY
No.

TALBOT
(concerned)
What do you mean no?

TERRY
I mean, that wasn't the message I sent.

TALBOT
What message did you sent?

TERRY
That's between me and Sara and Lord Malcolm. He may be no genious but it seems he's onto you guys.

HUNTER
She's bluffing.

TALBOT
We'll soon find out.

He smiles at Handi-Man, who for the first time ever shows some expression and cracks a blood freezing smile.

CUT TO:

171-A INT. BASEMENT - CLOSEUP OF HANDS - A MOMENT LATER 171-A

down a large, deep, aluminum Halburton case. It opens, inside there is deep blue foam like photographers use to pack cameras. What lies in the cut-outs though, are power tools. A sander, jigsaw, the hand picks some hair out of the jigsaw. Then picks up an extension cord. Terry is next to the mannequins being held by Hunter. The Handi-Man is plugging in the extension cord, he turns to Terry and nods yes.

TALBOT
I congratulate you on your analysis of my situation. Jack has indeed uncovered information that associates an embassy official with an unfriendly government. By now he quite accurately suspects me.

During this we CUT BETWEEN Terry and the Handi-Man, who is trying out his tools on the mannequin.

TERRY
You're a KGB, a whatchacallit, a mole.

TALBOT
Very good, you're a clever girl.

HUNTER
What was the contact you sent Jack?

She doesn't say a thing. The Handi-Man takes the jigsaw and saws off the fingers on the mannequin's hand. We SEE them land, one at a time, on the floor.

TERRY
Oh, Jesus.

She clenches her fists and tries to hide her hands. Talbot picks up the fingers and rattles them in his hand as he talks.

TALBOT
I had to do something quickly. I tried to have him killed. We got Harry Carlson, but Jack disappeared.

HUNTER
What contact did you give him?

TERRY
You know, he can get in trouble if he's not in the union.

(CONTINUED)

171-A CONTINUED: 171-A

Talbot snaps his fingers. The Handi-Man takes the sander and applies it to the mannequin's face. Dust flies, the Handi-Man is really into it. FAST CUTS around the room. He removes the sander from the face. There is no more face.

TALBOT
(during above)
Brave girl, foolish girl. Well, since I didn't know where Jack was, I had to discredit his information. I put out the word that he had killed Carlson and then defected. That closed most doors, that's why he wound up with you. We don't have much time.

HUNTER
What contact did you sent?

She raises two fingers in a V.

TERRY
Correct me if I'm wrong, isn't this the English this...

She gives them the American finger.

HUNTER
Enough rehearsal.

Talbot signals the Handi-Man. He starts towards her, the sander revving up. It gets closer and closer to her face. Even Hunter turns his head to avoid the inevitable splatter. He is holding her head in his hands trying to keep it steady. His gun is in one of his hands. Just as the sander is about to come into her face, she steps down on his foot, he relaxes for a moment, and she grabs his arms and turns her head. The sander comes down on the knuckles of his gun hand. He screams and drops the gun. She wrenches away and dives to the floor coming up with the gun. They all pull guns. They are all pointing guns at each other. Handi-Man cocks his...

TALBOT
Don't kill her.

TERRY
I'm with you so far.

TALBOT
She's worthless dead. I've got to be sure.

(CONTINUED)

171-A CONTINUED: (2) 171-A

TERRY
That's right baby.

TALBOT
So shoot her in the legs.

The Handi-Man lowers his gun to her legs and she immediately puts it to the side of her head.

TERRY
Hold it. You fire and I blow my brains out.

TALBOT
You're crazy.

HUNTER
It's another bluff.

They take a step forward. She puts the gun in her mouth. They stop. She goes to the door, opens it.

TALBOT
She can't leave the embassy.

They follow her and we:

CUT TO:

171-B INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS) 171-B

Terry running through the halls, finding door to upstairs. She goes through and locks it. The other guys get there and can't get through.

TALBOT
Come on, the back stairs.

172-
175 OUT 172- *
175

CUT TO:

175-A INT. MAIN EMBASSY ENTRY 175-A

Terry runs up to a GIRL at a desk. She immediately starts to talk to her.

TERRY
Burfle gomple rogrun jurf...

(CONTINUED)

175-A CONTINUED:

GIRL
God, a terrorist. What language are you threatening me in, Miss?

Terry pulls gun out of her mouth.

TERRY
English. Call the cops.

GIRL
Do you have a list of demands?

(CONTINUED)

175-A CONTINUED: 175-A

TERRY
Yeah, I demand you dial the damn phone.

GIRL
(almost in tears)
But if you're a terrorist why would you want...

TERRY
Get 'em.

GIRL
Do you want a hostage or something, I've been trained to be a hostage...

TERRY
Now!!!!

She fires two bullets into a dressed dummy. It topples over, the Girl hits the button, a bell and a red light go off. The bad guys, minus the Handi-Man come racing down the hall, the COPS come from the other direction. The bad guys put the guns away and try to get calm.

COP 1
All right freeze.

TERRY
I would love to.
(puts the gun down on desk)
Gentlemen, let's blow this joint.

COP 1
Let's go lady, read her her rights.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. CONSULATE - ENTRANCE - DAY 176

Two New York Cops lead Terry from the front entrance by the arms.

TERRY
Man, am I glad to see you guys!

FIRST COP
(facetiously)
And we're glad to see you.

TERRY
Let's get out of here. You won't believe what they're trying to do.

They reach the patrol car. Terry is trying to get the door open.

176 CONTINUED: 176

TALBOT
(o.s. but walk INTO FRAME)
Officer, excuse me.

Talbot and Hunter approach.

TALBOT
I'm Jeremy Talbot, Charge d'Affairs, for the consulte.

TALBOT
This is Mr. Hunter, our head of Public Relations.

SECOND COP
(annoyed)
Do you know her?

TERRY
(jerking at locked door)
Holy Shit!

TERRY
He's in charge of murder and spying. He's a Russian mole in the British Consulate. That's right. Will somebody unlock the door.
(pause)
Public Relations? He's the Liquidator, look at him! He's got a cannon in his coat. Check him out!

She jerks open his coat and there is nothing. Hunter smiles; to the First Cop.

TALBOT
(confidentially)
Yes, she works for the mission ...and occassionally she gets into the rum and goes a little...crazy.

TALBOT
(confidentially)
It's an in-house matter...a family matter, really. And we don't want to sign a complaint against her. Tomorrow she'll be fine.

SECOND COP
I understand but I should make a report.

TALBOT
Is that really necessary? So much paper work.

SECOND COP
You should be happy, lady. The gentleman isn't going to press charges.

SECOND COP
(to Talbot)
She's pretty out of it.

TALBOT
I'm sure we'll be able to calm her down.

TERRY
Hey, the man is trying to kill me. Would I lie to you? Look at my face. Would this face lie?

TERRY
What is this whispering?!! You have to take me in. I disturbed the peace didn't I? Incited to riot. What do you want? You want me to exhibit myself? I'm warning you. I'm about to do something drastic and I don't know what it will be because you are making me crazy.

FIRST COP
Would you cool it?!

TERRY
Put the cuffs on me! Take me out of here!!!
(beat)
Okay...fine. You'll read about it in the paper tomorrow...I'll be dead and these lunes will be GONE. But remember I told you.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2) 176

The Cops release her. Hunter and Talbot wait. The Second Cop folds his pad.

TERRY
Hey...where are you going!? You're not arresting me? I am dangerous. I'm a bad motherfucker. I am wild.

SECOND COP
Hey. You're free to go.

She kicks the First Cop in the balls so that he doubles over by the car. She then leaps on the Second Cop, banging him on the head until she is restrained.

FIRST COP
(in great discomfort)
Okay...lady you got your wish!

They grab her and throw her smiling face into the car.

TALBOT
Officers!

SECOND COP
Stay out of this!

177 OUT 177

178 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY 178

MEDIUM SHOT

Terry is thrown back into the back. The First Cop drives.

TERRY
(manic)
Thanks. I thought you guys would never get hip. Shit, that was a jam. Bad People. Killers. Spies. Shit, I hope they are not following us.

She glances.

SECOND COP
(ignoring her; to his partner)
I can drive if you're feeling... rocky.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

FIRST COP
(still trying to catch his breath)
I'm...fine.

TERRY
(still speeding)
Hey, sorry about the shot man. But I had to do something. Try thinking about something pleasant ...like bowling.

SECOND COP
Would you shut the fuck up?

TERRY
(agitated)
You can lose me, easy. Just drop me off downtown where I work... the First National Bank...and I am in kind of a hurry so you could use the siren and the lights and all that shit.

First Cop laughs.

SECOND COP
You are nuts.

TERRY
You still don't get it. If I am not at my computer terminal in thirty-two minutes...
(checking watch)
...a man...somewhere in Russia... gets wasted...killed...you want to be responsible for that?

FIRST COP
I've heard everything.

SECOND COP
Thirty-two minutes? You'll be lucky to get there in thirty-two days. You assaulted a police officer, honey.

Terry decides instantly. She lunges forward, grabs the driver's cap and pulls it down over his face. The car swerves.

179 EXT. STREET 179

The squad car swerves all over the street, SIDESWIPING another car.

CUT TO:

180 NEW ANGLE 180

The car goes up on the curb, cracks up.

In a flash, Terry is out and running like hell. The two cops abandon their useless vehicle, pursue her on foot, blowing their whistles.

CUT TO:

180-A EXT. NEW YORK STREET 180-A

Terry leaps in front of a bus that is just pulling away. A clock on the corner reads 4:15. She leaps on. Leonard is the driver.

TERRY
Leonard. I need to get downtown to the bank, in ten minutes. I'll do anything you want.

Leonard floors it. Bus squeals off. Terry and all the others who are standing fall and roll toward the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

A bank clock reads 4:20 as the bus whizzes past six passengers at a bus stop.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

It's really crankin'.

WOMAN
Hey, hey Mister, that was my stop.

TERRY
Sit down lady, it's an express now.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS

It is held up in traffic jam.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

TERRY
Come on, come on.

(CONTINUED)

180-A CONTINUED: 180-A

LEONARD
Hey baby, it ain't no fuckin' blimp.

She mashes the button that opens the door.

TERRY
I'll run the rest of the way.
Thanks Leonard.

She exits.

LEONARD
(proudly)
That's my girl.
(turns to passengers to apologize)
People, I'm sorry for the excitement and...

The passengers couldn't be calmer, reading the paper, carrying on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

LEONARD
You all from right here in town aren't you?

Past him, through the window, we SEE Terry, running down the street, through and over cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK

Terry running in, a clock reads, 4:25.

181-200 OUT 181-200

CUT TO:

201 INT. TRANSFER ROOM - AFTERNOON 201

Terry comes tearing into the office. The clocks all click forward once. Strangely everyone who is there is either picking up to leave or just standing around chatting or having coffee. Terry runs to her computer and starts to pound on the keys.

TERRY
Oh please God, let him still be there.
(types)
B-FLAT...JACK...

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: 201

No answer.

TERRY
...JACK DO YOU RECEIVE?
(pounds her desk, yells out loud)
JACK!!!

Page comes out of his office.

She stares at the screen almost willing it to do something. Then:

SCREEN
JACK HERE. JUST LEAVING.

TERRY
I got him.

CYNTHIA
Oh great...who?

SCREEN
ANYTHING WRONG?

TERRY
LISTEN CAREFULLY, CAN...

The screen fritzes out. Static, pops and then, the Soviet aerobic show comes on.

TERRY
(to screen
Not now you bitch.

PAGE
This is unbelievable, you're fired. My God I'm meeting an important member of the British financial community, and he has to hear this kind of language.

On the word British, Terry freezes. She turns to the direction of Page's office. Talbot and Hunter enter from it.

TALBOT
That's quite all right. We've become used to it.

TERRY
You bastard.

She is furiously trying to fix the machine.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2) 201

TALBOT
It appears you did send the Burghardt contact.

She smacks the computer, it goes back to normal. We SEE the screen.

JACK
WHAT'S WRONG? TERRY, WHAT'S WRONG?

TALBOT
Tell him nothing's wrong.

TERRY
Fuck you.

PAGE
Excuse me?

Hunter pulls a gun and holds it to Page's head.

TALBOT
Tell him!

TERRY
Blow his brains out, I don't care.

In the front, comes Handi-Man with a machine pistol at Larry the security guy's head. Talbot goes to the machine.

TERRY
Tell him yourself.

He goes to the computer. Talbot takes Jackie's chair. He sits down. He leans back and goes over in the chair. Terry leaps in front of the computer. She types.

TERRY
BURGHARDT IS SET UP. WILL KILL YOU.

TALBOT
Don't let her send.

Handi-Man freaks and begins firing at everything. People are diving for cover. His machine pistol is splattering the room, and blowing up everything. Shit is flying, alarms going off. Terry is scuttling across the floor. She is trying to get to her computer. The computer screen is flashing red letters that say:

SCREEN
SEND TRANSMISSION OR CANCEL?

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (3) 201

We are very CLOSE ON Terry on the floor. Bullets spray around her. In this very TIGHT SHOT we SEE a hand from behind her grab her by the hair. It yanks her head up and puts a gun to her neck. It pulls her to her feet. It is Hunter. He cocks the gun. Terry's face. Hunter's face. TWO SHOTS. A computer screen directly in front of Hunter shatters. It is like the bullets came out of his chest. They did. By way of his back. A splotch of red spreads on the front of Hunter's shirt. He drops and we REVEAL Marty, behind him in the doorway, with a gun. The Handi-Man goes apeshit again. Now firing at Marty. Marty is firing back, rolling across the floor. Looking very much like he's done this before.

TALBOT
(to Handi-Man)
The message, cancel the message.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

SCREEN
SEND TRANSMISSION OR CANCEL?

The Handi-Man leaps across the room.

Marty shoots and nails him in midair. He lands with a splat. Terry quickly moves to her terminal and hits the send button. Terry looks at the clock. One minute.

MARTY
(handcuffing Talbot)
What's Jack's code?

TERRY
Who are you?

Marty sits at Terry's terminal.

MARTY
CIA. His code. What's Jack's code. Now Goddammit.

TERRY
B-Flat.

MARTY
B-FLAT, JACK?

JACK
STILL HERE SWEETHEART.

MARTY
THANK YOU HONEY. IT'S PETER CAEN.

201 CONTINUED: (4) 201

TERRY
The other frying pan guy.

MARTY
HAVE TALBOT, HAVE EXIT CONTACT.
(to Terry)
Anything you want to say.

TERRY
Tell him I...tell him. Just tell him to hurry home. We got a date.

CYNTHIA
Oh my God. A date?!?!? This, all this for a date.

TERRY
Do you think I'm playing too hard to get?

TERRY SMILES AND WE:

201-A-204 OUT 201-A-204

DISSOLVE TO:

204-A EXT. RESTAURANT 204-A

The sign outside reads Orlando's. We PAN DOWN and SEE Terry looking at her watch. She enters.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

Terry sits alone at a table. A bottle of wine sits chilling in a bucket. She eats breadsticks. Through the front door walks a dapper hunk in a Tux. Terry stands. She tidies herself and shoots him a big smile. He looks at her and starts over.

TERRY
It's weird, you're just like I pictured, taller even and...

The guy walks by her and hugs a woman at a table just passed her. She looks at the busboy, embarrassed and sits. We PAN OVER TO the champagne in ice and:

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

INT. RESTAURANT - TWO HOURS LATER

Still on the champagne bottle. There is no more ice. It is upside down in the water bucket. We PAN OVER TO Terry. Her sad little face tells the story. We SEE the rest of the restaurant. It is almost empty now.

TERRY
Can I get a check?

The waiter goes to the front. He unlocks the front door to let the last couple out. Marty enters.

MARTY
Hi.

TERRY
Uh, hi. What are you doing here?

MARTY
He's not coming.

She doesn't say anything.

MARTY
I'm sorry Terry. He's in London. He sent a telex, told me to come tell you. Terry I'm sure he wanted to be here.

She still doesn't speak. She takes some cash out of her purse, leaves it on the table and begins to pack up her stuff.

TERRY
Bullshit. I was some words on a screen Marty. A tool, a screwdriver that was needed and used. By both of you.

MARTY
(uncomfortable)
Look, he told me to pick up the check.

He reaches for the check, she stops him.

TERRY
(near tears)
Don't, please, don't. It's just a little too much like he's walking out of my room and leaving the money on the dresser.

They look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

204-A CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY
Aw hell.

She steps to him, she wants to be held, he starts but then she pulls back inside herself, shakes her head and exits.

205-231 OUT 205-231

CUT TO:

232 INT. MONEY TRANSFER ROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER 232

A sense of normalcy pervades the setting. Our workers bustle around. A couple of workmen are still around repairing the damage to the room, but we are pretty much back to normal. A new girl is in Marty's station. We FIND Terry and Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
You, wanna do something tonight?

KAREN
Yeah, you've just been moping around for two weeks.

TERRY
No thanks.

FRED
She should be happy. Page is leaving for Silver Springs next week and she's taking over his job.

DOUG
Really, if I'd have known that's how to get a promotion around here I'd have blown the place up years ago!

They shake their heads and go back to their work. Terry returns to her console. She looks at it. Thinks, and clears the screen. She is about to begin a new account when suddenly on the screen...

SCREEN
KNOCK KNOCK...

She stares, she buries her head, she looks up, she reaches to the screen and presses CLEAR. The screen clears, and then again.

SCREEN
KNOCK KNOCK...PLEASE.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

TERRY
LEAVE ME ALONE.

SCREEN
I'M SORRY. UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED IN LONDON. QUEEN THANKS YOU.

TERRY
QUEEN SUCKS. I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE QUEEN.
(speaks)
I cared about you, you shit. And it was stupid and I got hurt, and I hate it, and why didn't you come see me dammit? Was that too much? Just to say hi, to say thanks.
(types)
AND ORLANDO'S HAS CRUMMY VEAL.

SCREEN
SORRY, I STILL WANT TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER.

TERRY
YEAH, GREAT. NEXT TIME I'M IN LONDON I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL.

Terry throws her glasses down in disgust.

SCREEN
CAREFUL, YOU'LL BREAK YOUR GLASSES.

Terry freezes. She's stunned. Is Jack here?

TERRY
WHERE ARE YOU?

SCREEN
TWO ROWS BACK ON THE LEFT.

Terry sits there motionlessly.

TERRY
OH.

JACK
(out loud, o.s.)
Aren't you going to turn around?

TERRY
(types)
NO.

A hand reaches over to Terry's keyboard and types.

232 CONTINUED: (2) 232

SCREEN
WHY NOT?

She smiles, the opening chords of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" play. Terry turns to look into a pleasant, smiling face.

TERRY
Jack...the Queen doesn't suck.

JACK
She'll be happy to hear it...

They hug.

JACK
Now, how 'bout that dinner.

They move toward the exit, MUSIC SWELLS. Terry flashes a smile INTO CAMERA.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS

THE END